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THE

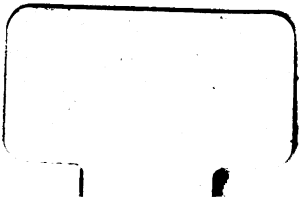
MISSION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD

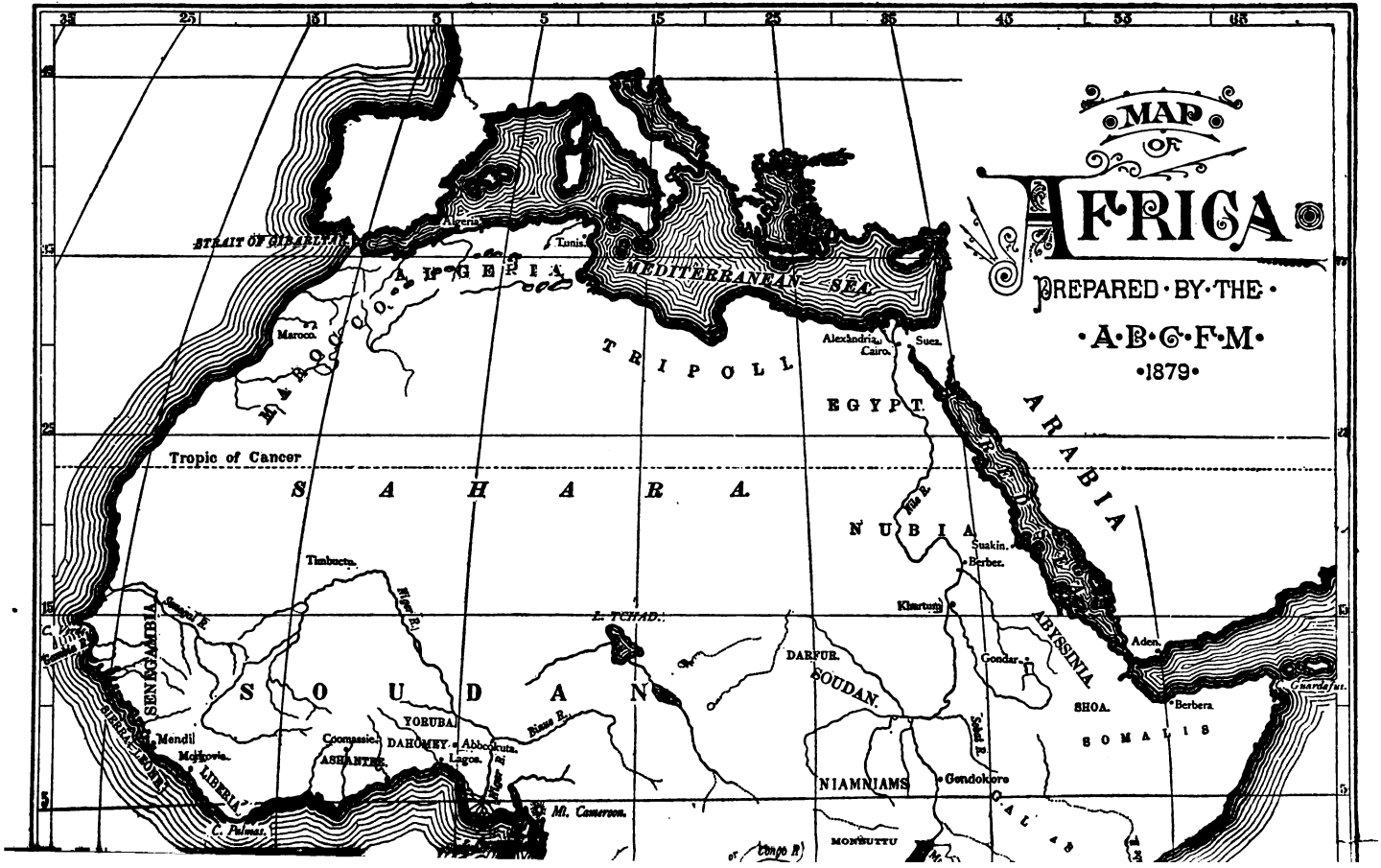
—TO—

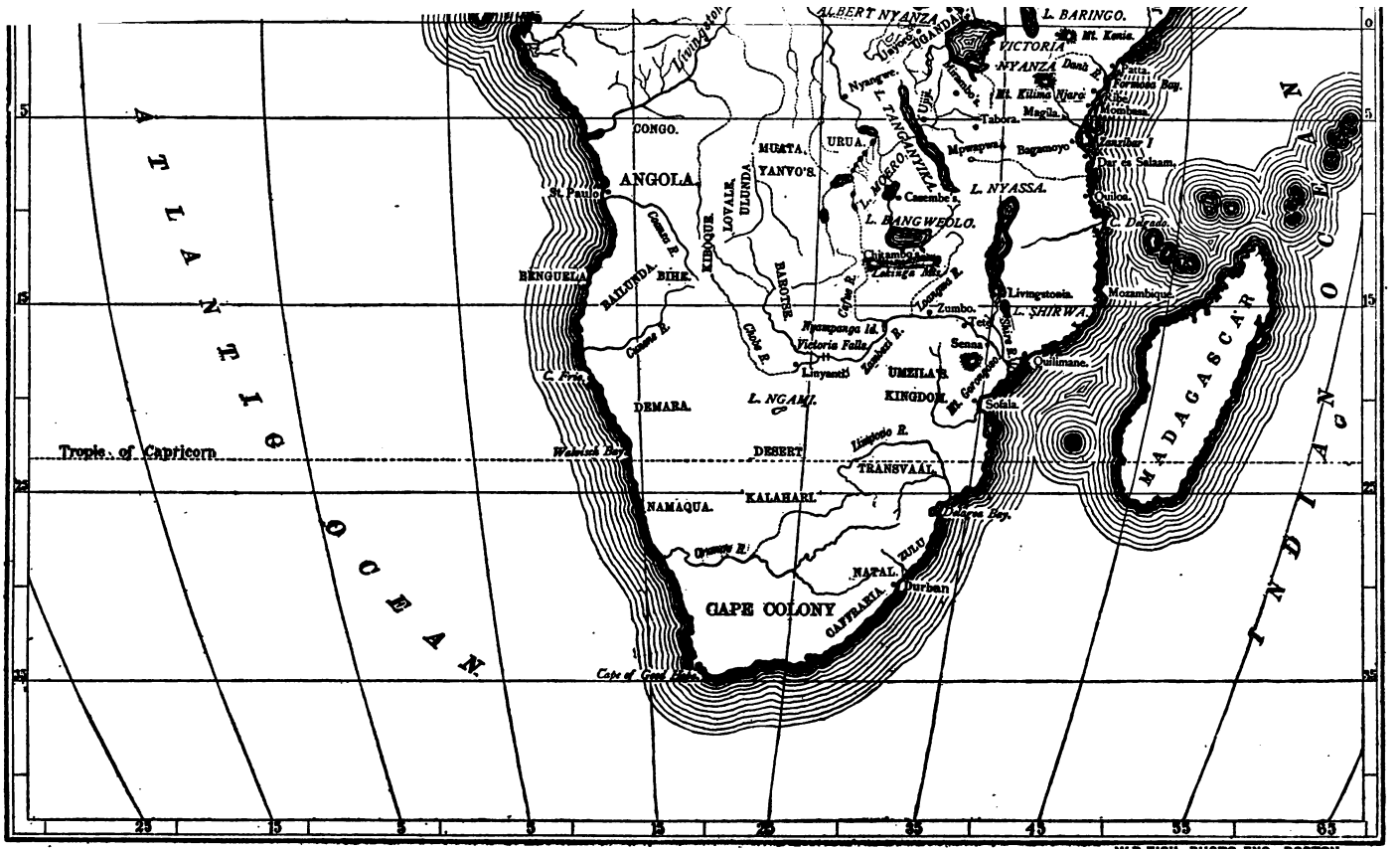
WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

PIONEER WORK, 1881.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS,
1882.




MAP OF AFRICA
PREPARED BY THE
A·B·C·F·M·
1879
STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR
Algeria
Tunis
ALGERIA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Maroco
MOROCCO
TRIPOLI
Alexandria
Cairo
Suez
EGYPT
ARABIA
Tropic of Cancer
SAHARA
NUBIA
Suakin
Berber
Timbuctu
Niger R.
L. TCHAD
Khartum
Nile R.
ABYSSINIA
Aden
Gondar
DARFUR
SOUDAN
Guardafui
SHOA
Berbera
SOMALIS
SENEGAMBIA
Senegal R.
Gambia R.
SOUDAN
YORUBA
Benue R.
Mendil
Mohkowie
Coomassie
ASHANTEE
DAHOMEY
Abbeokuta
Lagos
Volta R.
LIBERIA
C. Palmas
Mt. Cameroon
NIAMNIAMS
Gendokoro
Sobat R.
GALLAS
MONBUTTU
Congo R.


ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
ANGOLA
CONGO.
BENGUELA
DEMARA.
NAMAQUA.
KALAHARI
DESERT
CAPE COLONY
KINGDOM
MADAGASCAR
VICTORIA NYANZA
ALBERT NYANZA
L. TANGANYIKA
L. NYASSA
L. BANGWEOLO.
L. NGAMI
L. SHIRWA
L. BARINGO.
Mt. Kenia.
Mt. Kilima Njaro
Zanzibar
Dar es Salaam.
Tabora.
Magila.
Bagamoyo
Mpwapwa
Nyangwe.
Casembe's
Quilimane.
Mozambique.
Livingstonia.
Zumbo.
Tete
Senna
Sofala
Inhambane
Delagoa Bay.
Durban
Natal.
Zulu
Transvaal
Orange R.
Limpopo R.
Zambesi R.
Shire R.
Victoria Falls
Linyanti
Chobe R.
Kasai R.
Loangwa R.
Cuanza R.
Coanza R.
Loge R.
Lake Dilolo
Chikumbo
Lunga Mts.
Muata Yanvo's
Urua.
Uganda
Unyoro
Usui
Nyanza
Usoga
Victoria Nile
Albert Nile
Somerset
Victoria Nyanza
Dauta N.
Kavirondo Bay.
Port Florence
Victoria Nile
Livingstone R.
Tropic of Capricorn
Walvish Bay
St. Paulo
Cape of Good Hope
Benguela
Bihe.
Bailunda
Kibokue
Loyale
Ulunda
Barotse
Umbella
Kingdom
Mozambique
Quilimane
Delagoa Bay
Durban
Natal
Zulu
Transvaal
Kalahari
Namaqua
Demara.
Ngami
Desert
Kingdom
Sofala
Inhambane

THE

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PIONEER WORK, 1881.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS,
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4 January, 1892.

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THE WEST CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.

At the annual meeting of the American Board in October, 1879, the Prudential Committee was directed to open a mission, if practicable, in West Central Africa. The region selected was that of "Bihé and the Coanza, an elevated plateau, or rolling country, some two hundred and fifty miles inland from the Atlantic Ocean at Benguela, in about 12° south latitude."

At the annual meeting in October, 1880, the Committee reported the arrangements in progress. Rev. Walter W. Bagster, Rev. William H. Sanders, and Mr. Samuel T. Miller, whose offers of service had been accepted, sailed from Lisbon on the 5th of October, the day of the annual meeting. After a pleasant voyage of thirty-nine days, touching at the Cape de Verde and other islands, they landed safely November 10, in St. Philip, the port of Benguela.

This town, called also in common speech simply *Benguela*, contains about two hundred whites and four hundred blacks; has a fort, custom-house, and governor's residence, a bank, and a few store-houses. In slave-trading days it was one of the principal shipping ports of Angola. Thousands of slaves, chiefly brought in by the natives of Bihé, were sent off to Brazil and Cuba. The last shipments were within ten or twelve years. "I saw a thousand slaves in one caravan," says Monteiro, who was there in 1870. Now business has largely gone from Benguela to Catumbella, which is ten or twelve miles distant, and on the road to Bihé. The caravans from the interior stop at Catumbella.

The first thing to be arranged at Benguela was for the trans-

portation inland. The Catumbella River is not navigable. There are no beasts of burden and no roads on which they can travel. Merchandise is carried by porters. Travelers either walk or are carried in the *tepoia*, which is a kind of palanquin, or cot, suspended from a pole which is borne by porters. Six porters are the complement for a tepoia; two carry it a few moments, and without stopping transfer it to two others, and so onward. By sending two hundred miles down the coast to Mossámedes, a riding ox was procured, which proved serviceable.

Our missionaries were treated very civilly by the Portuguese authorities, and received many favors from merchants. But all the facilities given them could not overcome the difficulties of transportation without long and tedious delay, vexation, and expense. In 1877, the Portuguese government sent a scientific expedition to Bihé, comprising three army and navy officers. After they reached Benguela, with all the resources of the government at their disposal nearly three months were spent in procuring porters; and then it was more than six months after leaving the coast when they reached Bihé. Mr. Bagster and his associates fared better than Serpa Pinto and the other members of this Portuguese expedition. Though several times closing a bargain for guides and porters only to find it thrown up and everything to be done over again, and being once compelled, after fairly starting, to return when a few miles out, on the discovery of what seemed treachery in the porters, they at last got away from Benguela March 9, 1881. Having stopped at several places, on March 28 they reached Bailunda, where they are forming a station of the mission. Bailunda is but a short distance from Bihé.

This enforced delay has not been lost time, but rather directly helpful to the missionary work. They have made a wise distribution of Portuguese Bibles and New Testaments, which have been received in a way that gives promise of a future harvest. They have occupied themselves in learning the language. The

same dialect, the Ambunda, is spoken with slight variations by negroes on the coast and in the interior. Messrs. Sanders and Miller made such progress in their studies, that when they reached Bailunda they could understand conversations fairly. This knowledge they already find of essential advantage, as it enables them to know what the people say in their talks one with another about the missionaries, and it affords a check upon their guides and interpreters who, not infrequently, as they discovered, represented the strangers as saying, not what they meant, but what their guides thought they ought to mean.

What is more important, by this delay the people have become accustomed to the presence of the missionaries, an essential thing in dealing with Africans; they are learning to trust them, and to believe that they are what they claim to be, and are not secretly aiming to monopolize the trade of the country, and especially that they are not the advance guard of an American colony with designs of ultimate annexation of the country. From this last notion it has been hard to dislodge some of the men of intelligence. "England always sends missionaries to make way for colonists," it was said; "and England and America are for all practical purposes one."

The actual traveling time to Bailunda was about twenty days. Mr. Bagster rode the ox, Mr. Sanders and Mr. Miller started in tepoias, but walked much of the way. There were seven donkeys, and about sixty men carrying packages of sixty pounds each. Camp followers included, there were ninety-five persons in the company. The road, for a short distance skirting the shallow Catumbella River, soon began to climb mountains and wind through wild gorges. Numerous rivulets were crossed. As they advanced, the scenery became grand. "Majestic cañons opened between towering summits, gulches were filled with masses of wild vegetation, the trees struggled to lift their heads above the climbing plants." "On either side the views called for constant admiration. The grandeur of the rocky heights gave a feeling of littleness to the beholder." As they

reached the broken country of the elevated table-land, "the vegetation, instead of that of the tropics, appeared much like that of New England, and the scenery was such as would excite no surprise in the latitude of Boston." No perilous adventures were encountered, but the journey was a severer strain upon their patience and powers of endurance than they anticipated. Mr. Bagster gained relief from his fever, while Mr. Sanders and Mr. Miller had slight attacks, for which "quinine proved a sovereign remedy."

Bailunda is an important region. It is elevated and populous. The king, *Kwikwi*, has given a cordial reception to our brethren, and seems anxious to have them become permanent "children" of his. As this place lies on the direct road to Bihé, and is a few miles nearer the coast, a station there will be essential, and will be a hopeful opening for work beyond.

It is possible that a better road to the ocean may be found than the direct one from Bailunda down the mountains by way of Kassange and Catumbella to Benguela. Loanda, the capital of the whole Portuguese province, lies two hundred miles north of Benguela, and is the largest city on the West Coast south of Gibraltar. It would be much the best base of supplies. From Loanda there is transportation in steamers up the Coanza River sixty miles inland. From the falls on the Coanza it is thought a road less rugged and mountainous may be found to Bailunda and Bihé. Our missionaries propose to make explorations to ascertain about this. Even though the distance is greater, if the road proves easier, this, with the other advantages of St. Paul de Loanda — or simply Loanda, as it is usually called — would make that city most desirable for our seaport.

During the month of July, Messrs. Sanders and Miller were quietly settled down in comfortable quarters in Bailunda, acquainting themselves with the people and the people with themselves. Mr. Bagster returned to Benguela to hasten forward cloths needed for presents and for purchases, as the stock they took in at first would not long suffice. On his downward

trip he obtained photographic views and made important examinations of routes and modes of transport for the future.

When he had rejoined his associates in Bailunda, it was determined to go on to Bihé and inspect that country before deciding where to make the first permanent station of the mission. The "Ambassador" of Kwikwi took them in charge for the journey to Bihé. Just as they reached the border he declared that they must wait to learn the king's pleasure before going further, and intimated that they would be in danger unless they first heard again from the king. Finding that if they went forward it would be against the remonstances of the guides, and unwilling to give occasion to any complaint of violating African etiquette, although they had no fear how they would be received by the king of Bihé, they thought best to return for the present to their old quarters in Bailunda.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Walter, who left Bridgeport, Connecticut, April 7, 1881, and Lisbon July 5, landed in Benguela September 5, where they were welcomed by Mr. Bagster. Dr. Francis O. Nichols and Mrs. Nichols, who left Haverhill, Massachusetts, August 5, and Lisbon September 7, joined them in Benguela, October 6; and November 12 the new comers left the coast for Bailunda under escort of Mr. Bagster.

As our friends are missionary explorers, there is not only special interest in the accounts they give of their movements, and in their pictures of the land and people, but these particulars need to be put on record for the wise conduct of missionary operations hereafter. We present copious extracts from their letters as the first contribution to the history of this Christian undertaking.

SAFE ARRIVAL ON THE COAST.

From St. Paul de Loanda — called simply *Loanda*, as St. Philip de Benguela is called generally *Benguela* — Mr. Bagster wrote November 9, 1880:

"My pen longs to fill all this sheet with songs of praise, and then I should scarce have begun to render unto the Lord the honor due unto him. He doeth *all* things well, and so we have been learning during the past days.

"When the American Consul, Mr. Newton, of the firm of Newton, Carnegie & Co., owning the line of Coanza steamers, and others, came on board, we received the most kind and thoroughly liberal welcome, and subsequently on shore more than courtesy was extended to us — every possible attention was shown us and service rendered. During our voyage we have been wondering why we could get no Kroo boys; the most careful inquiries at every port showed none to be had; but this now is all made plain. It was not the *right way*, for I find they would have been to us a source of unmitigated trouble and constant liability to broils with the natives, as we passed through the country. Indeed the fact is, as the oldest and most reliable men in Loanda tell me, the Kroos will not do to take inland; the first village we pass we should have to fight, or have 'a woman palaver.'

"Another cause for praise is the kindness toward us of the Portuguese officials, although I cannot say that in Loanda we have received any direct help from them. Mr. Newton afforded us much assistance, not only giving us information concerning the country, but also spending much time and thought in obtaining two Cabindas as servants, in getting letters to the people in Benguela, and in writing to friends of his own there.

"First, as to the healthfulness of this place, and the present outlook. When in Loanda we heard that Benguela was a fearfully unhealthy place; the worst on the coast. We did not on landing see cause to believe this account, and not until the matter was explained by the governor here did I take in the whole truth. It seems that during the dry season, as at present, it is quite healthy, but that during the wet season the place is almost a marsh, and very unhealthy. The governor strongly advised our going down to Mossámedes on the next steamer,

and there staying until the middle of April, starting inland the early days of May. But I have not yet given up the idea of reaching Bihé by the end of next January (at latest), although I am told that this cannot be done, because we must send to Bihé for porters, and this it will take three months to do. What will be the developments of the next few days I do not know, but now think of going to the town of Catumbella next week, to see the Bihéans who come down there, and to see the donkeys. They are very fine little animals, and much larger and better than the St. Iago donkeys. Catumbella is twelve miles north-east of this place, and all the business has gone there on account of its being the place where the road comes in, and thus it has cut off all the trade from Benguela. The character it bears is, however, far worse both as regards cleanliness and healthfulness. Yesterday we succeeded in renting a house for a month, and hope today to go into possession. There are two rooms and a store, and a kitchen behind, a large yard, and two long sheds for donkeys, etc. There are no glass windows, the floors are rough flag-stone, and the whole dirty and full of fleas, but we are clearing up and hope to make it answer our purpose. We must have a place to ourselves, and that large enough to pack and repack in, and to admit of loads for men and donkeys being made up.

"There is no reason, so far as known, why we should not take donkeys into Bihé successfully. We can obtain all we need from Mr. Marques (Portuguese), the gentleman who has so kindly treated us to his hospitality while here. The donkeys are at Catumbella and hence I have to go there. The Bihéans come down to Catumbella and *do not* come on twelve miles farther to Benguela.

THE OUTLOOK.

"I find that there is really no authority of the Portuguese in Bihé, and only a nominal sway exercised a few miles from the coast. However, the governor of Benguela is going to give us

a note to the king of Bihé. It may do good, and certainly no harm. I find that there is no question but we can have all the communication with the coast that we expected, namely, once a month. It is said that three caravans from Bihé are now expected in Catumbella, and that these will be on the coast by the middle of next month; this will favor our getting all the porters we need. I intend to leave word in Catumbella of my wish to hire carriage into Bihé, that I may have the competition of these three caravans to work for economy in freight and good pick of men. I hear that three days' march from here the country changes and the most delightful scenery is encountered. I hear that there are miles of country between here and Bihé shaded by the trees and hanging creepers; such accounts come to my ears that I must see to believe them. I hear also that the Bihéans are a fine people, strong and lusty.

"I am told that there is 'no quinine wanted there.' I hear that the climate is most agreeable, that the cold at times is sufficient to form ice or an occasional hail-storm. Should this be true there is no reason why the whole work should not prosper in a wonderful way, for such a climate will admit of continued work by the missionary and the development of some sterling qualities in the people. It admits of living, and not existing only.

"The possibility of moving into Bihé at once on arrival of next steamer, seems to be very promising, although dependent on information yet to be obtained from the caravans. But this is sure: Benguela is no place to stay in if it can be avoided during the rainy season, and therefore, and for other reasons, all the efforts that are possible, all the work and endeavor that can be brought to bear, all the purpose and will that we can give to it will be concentrated upon reaching Bihé before the heavy spring rains.

"Of health I have only one thing to report; all embraced in one word — good. We are working away at Portuguese. Mr. Sanders does well, Mr. Miller something, and I myself scarcely

have found time for a beginning. Ask those who love our work to keep on praying, specially that we may have very much humbleness of heart, so that God may continually bless us, even as in the past. Send us strong reënforcements to reach Benguela, May 1, 1881. Don't fail to say to the churches, Africa must have men, for the gospel must be preached to her people."

BENGUELA.

Benguela, the seaport of Bihé, is described by Mr. Sanders in his letter of November 19, 1880:

"There are about two hundred whites here and a few hundred blacks. There are scarcely any white women in these West African cities. Generally each white household consists of the members of the business firm, with whom the clerks board and lodge, and the black servants, who are many. This state of society gives rise to much immorality, drinking, and smoking. Our stand, of not taking wines or tobacco, has excited constant notice and comment. English and Portuguese unite in saying that we ought to take wine to escape fever. (Mr. Newton and Mr. Seruiya are exceptions. The latter says out and out that it is not so. The former said to Mr. Bagster that most of the deaths among the English on the coast are due to intemperance.) We quietly began to inquire, and found scarcely one that has not had the fever. So we do not see why, if the fever is sure to come anyhow, we should sacrifice our stand on the temperance question. We are in good health and spirits, take all reasonable precautions against sickness, do not propose to worry about the fever beforehand, and expect that by living as we ought, keeping clean, etc., we shall continue in good health.

"It is very pleasant to be by ourselves in a house that for the present we can call our own. It has three rooms and an entry. The room at the corner of the house used to be the store. We have some heavy boxes in there, and keep it locked up most of the time. Then comes the hall. Next to that is our dining-room.

When more goods are brought we shall probably partition this by a curtain and make a bed-room, also, for two. The third room has two windows, as well as the one next to it, but no outside door. Here are most of our things now, here we sleep, here we write and shall work mostly for the present. The floor of this room is paved with stones; and a sidewalk in Boston as rough as this floor would call out newspaper denunciation. The walls are about thirteen or fourteen feet high, whitewashed and decorated with various articles, among which are our heavy, brown-tanned, leather boots and shoes. So many mice frolic about the floor that we dare not leave the leather articles within their reach. These boots and shoes look quite formidable, and it is no wonder that the dogs are respectful when we wear them. This morning as I was preventing a dog from escaping from his quarters, he tried to bite. Getting hold of one of these shoes, he could only make a scratch on it, and since then he has been very humble.

"We find that the sea-breeze commences early, or about the middle of the forenoon. Blowing into our front windows and out of the back door, it keeps the house as cool and pleasant as can be desired, even at the hottest part of the day. This breeze, the open windows (they have no glass or sashes) and doors, and the tile roof, keep us as well ventilated as though we were out of doors.

"A knowledge of Portuguese will be indispensable, as we can get plenty of men who understand that language and the Bihéan, but cannot get those who understand Bihéan and English. Hence, I propose to give a little more time to study here than I meant to do. I find this an excellent place to practice also. Every one takes it for granted that I understand more than I do; so, if I ask a question they talk on as if to a born Portuguese. I find, too, that they have so much leisure that they are more than willing to chat awhile for the fun of hearing my blunders. That is all I care to know. If they do not feel that it is a nuisance to have to talk with me, I am willing to give them the fun for the benefit.

"*Nov. 20.* I have to finish now this letter that I commenced yesterday. During the night it began to rain, and still it rains. Consequently it is quite close this morning and we await the sea-breeze, if it is to come.

"This morning Mr. Miller found in his feet two jiggers,[1] or rather those little black deposits that hatch into jiggers No harm ensues if they are taken out promptly. The blacks here are most miserable in their appearance. It is scarcely possible to see fifty of them without observing many toes either entirely or partly gone, legs much swollen, etc.; all due to the neglect of extracting the eggs that hatch into jiggers.

"We find here plenty of donkeys of large size and fine appearance; better in fact than those of Lisbon. Mr. Bagster intends shortly to see what can be bought and at what price. The Lord's hand it was that kept us from getting donkeys before, and Kroo boys The former would have been much inferior to these, and probably more expensive, though we do not yet know what these will cost. The Kroo boys would have involved us in a "woman palaver" at the very first village, and have been a constant source of difficulty with the natives.

LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS IN BENGUELA.

"The language spoken by the natives here is said to be exactly like that of Bihé. Whether just the same or closely related only, remains to be seen. Our boys, who are Cabindas, cannot understand this language, though we brought them here from so short a distance as Loanda. Their communication, except with other Cabindas, has to be in Portuguese. We try, through their knowledge of this language, to bring the truth to them. I read a chapter, or part of one, to them each morning after breakfast, and after that the Lord's Prayer. How much they understand I have not been able to find out. None of us know sufficient Portuguese to sound their knowledge of it. They have proved quite satisfactory as servants, thus far.

[1] Chigoe, the *pulex penetrans.*

"If the language here is the same as in Bihé it will be possible for us, as we occasionally have need to come to the coast on business, to convert the journey into a preaching tour.

"We find that the devil is not sleeping here. A firm in Catumbella makes aguardente (brandy or fire-water), and will in a short time have about seven hundred barrels of the poison ready for sale. The steamer on which we came brought apparatus to establish a manufactory of aguardente. This means increased bondage to Satan on the part of these blacks. Certainly the greed of money must be strong to cause men to put these poor people lower than they are.

"The attention of these people is given wholly to trifles. This strikes us forcibly because in civilized lands business is carried on upon a scale that makes this seem like child's play. The natives from the interior in most cases walk about the streets doing nothing, or indolently sit in and about the shops, and long for the liquor they are too lazy to earn. Some women bring a few eggs, potatoes, tomatoes, bananas, peanuts, or a few quarts of meal to market, and sit there most of the day. Thus most whom we see spend their days. They think only of the present, and their present is a very small affair. Oh, how they need the gospel to enlarge and bless them!

"I do not see how the natives get much time to sleep. Each evening we hear them dancing and singing. They dance to the beating of a drum, I think. The sound is such that I judge the drum has a wooden head. It has a half muffled sound, lacking resonance. But the voices fully supply any deficiency in the noise. Usually they keep it up till at least one o'clock. This morning it continued till daylight, and ended with what seemed, by the sounds, to be rockets.

ANTS AND SCORPIONS.

"*Dec. 16.* We find ourselves annoyed by the tropical pests. One day Mr. Bagster was moving some things, and discovered white ants under a box. A thorough search showed them at

work under several boxes. Fortunately most of our things are encased in tin. We put such as might be injured in places of safety, such as on tarred canvas or upon blocks. Though the articles are safe, we wish to preserve the boxes also, as most of them are small and will be useful when we make the loads for transportation inland.

"We have been visited each day also by a regiment of black ants. They would come in good order, get the desired things, and leave peaceably if let alone. One day they were dosed with dilute ammonia, but received no harm. At last one of the boys destroyed them with a shovelful of coals. We discovered a scorpion and a centipede under some of our boxes, but they are rare here and still are curiosities.

"I saw the other day a white-headed old negro. He is the only old man that I have seen among the negroes. I remember that Mr. Monteiro says that but few of them reach old age, since, being poorly clad, they are carried off by consumption. They say here that most die of intemperance. A negro will drink a tumbler of aguardente, which is very fiery, while white men usually seem to limit themselves to about two or three tablespoonsful.

"Mr. Bagster has sent to Mossámedes for two riding oxen. I thought that if I should ride on one for some hours in the glare of the sun, facing it, since we shall go east, I should be good for nothing during the remainder of the day. So he did not order one for my use.

"My eyes have improved much since being here. Today, for the first time, I had to wear dark glasses when out of doors about noon, and this only because I used my eyes too much last night when writing."

DISTRIBUTING NEW TESTAMENTS.

"*Dec. 17.* Though I closed my letter yesterday, I must write of an incident that just occurred. Last month we recorded the fact that daily we read a chapter in the New Testament, and

the Lord's Prayer, in the Portuguese, for the sake of one or two Cabindas. To each of them we gave a New Testament. These boys are frequently visited by some Cabinda friends. These callers pass back and forth through one of the rooms many times each day. We asked them as they did so if they could read. Some knew how, and were asked if they would like a book. They in all cases accepted one. We hope that, if for no other reason, they will read them for the sake of learning to read better. Thus the truth will be brought to them. One of our boys can read well; the other seems to be learning. These Cabindas who have contact with Europeans seem to have at least some faint conception of the value of knowing how to read and write.

"The incident that pleased us so this morning is the following: An old man came and asked for a Testament. He was in our neighborhood overseeing a gang of street cleaners. We suppose that some of the few books distributed must have been seen by him, for we had not spoken with him. We gave him a Bible and a Testament. He seemed very much pleased to receive them and asked what he should pay. We did not take any pay, though now I think we should have taken a small price. He expressed himself as "Sempre obrigado" (ever obliged), and said he would take much delight in reading them. The offer of pay pleased us, as it showed him to be no agent of the priest.

"In St. Vincent, Cape de Verde Islands, we were told that the priest gave a worshiper who brought him a Bible, an especial blessing. Hence the application for Bibles, when freely distributed, was as brisk as could be desired. There they questioned the wisdom of giving freely in places where the priests exercise much control. We trust that the Word sent forth here, though it must be without much explanation, and among those who have not a large vocabulary of Portuguese words, will bear fruit unto eternal life.

"This morning a man came and wished to be hired as

guide. He lives in Bihé, and he expressed a hope that when in Bihé we would trade with him only. I explained that we are not going for trade. He persisted, saying that he deals in wax, gum, ivory, slaves, etc. I told him again that our purpose is to teach the people. He laughed in an incredulous manner, but tried no more to secure us as customers. He said that the country is well wooded and populous; a very fine place to live in, he thinks.

"His incredulity when we say that we are missionaries and have not come for trade, is very much like the Portuguese. They are accustomed to see a priest sent here with nothing. The little money for a third-class passage on the steamer is almost considered a waste; for when here he is said to set a very bad example by keeping two or three concubines. Hence they think religion a very poor article, and not worth a great outlay of money. Consequently they do not understand how people in America can be willing to send us with such an outfit on a religious mission. They are inclined to believe that we are on some political or commercial errand, and are trying to outwit them.

"Some days ago the governor of this place called upon us. He seemed to be pleased with the sight of some of our things. He advised us again to go to Mossámedes and stay there until May. Though admitting that we can get to Bihé in January, he said we should not be well prepared for the rains. However feasible his plan seems to him, it is out of the question for us. It would be better to stay here, if necessary, and risk the fever than to go to Mossámedes, now that so many of our things are out of the custom-house. But there seems to be no good reason why we should not go in next month. The highest estimate of the time needed to get to Bihé is fifteen days; some say twelve.

"One night I was taken ill, and was not well enough to be up next day. They call it 'the fever,' but if so the fever is not very serious. I did not really believe it was that, but today one of the boys is in the same condition, and asked for quinine for

the fever. We are told that the recovery is much more rapid here than in Europe. Mr. Seruiya said that at Gibraltar he regained his strength after about a month; here, in two or three days all effects of the fever pass away."

PREPARATIONS FOR THE INWARD MARCH.

Mr. Bagster, in a letter of December 4–15, 1880, says:

"Brother Sanders is now well; has only had one slight attack of fever, or something of the sort. Brother Miller is well and, with very slight exception, has been so. I am without exception well. Our household contains two Cabinda boys; they do fairly, so far, but have had an easy time. There has been added to our outfit since last I wrote, four donkeys. They are doing well, but are not yet accustomed to loads, and have to be proved. Our present occupation is preparing for a start; but as there is much to be done and intelligent help is not to be had, the work falls upon Mr. Sanders and myself, and as the number of things needing attention is very great, the result is that, notwithstanding early and late work, but little progress can be made.

"Eight days since I went to the little town of Catumbella, about twelve miles from here, for the purpose of purchasing donkeys and of learning what could be learnt about the journey into Bihé. Catumbella is the growth resulting from the fact that one of the Benguela merchants, some years since, thinking to stop the caravans coming from the interior before they reached Benguela, established a branch store there and drew after him all the trade and all the merchants to do the trade. It was a bad move. Now the trade that used to come to Benguela is stopped in Catumbella, and the great numbers of natives who come from the interior remain at this place, never even reaching Benguela. To this place I went and bought four donkeys for $180.

"We have now much more true knowledge of Bihé than

before; for I saw hundreds of Bihéans at Catumbella, and heard very much about them and their ways.

"I learned that when we landed in Benguela letters were written to Catumbella to tell of our arrival, and to say that, as it was against the interests of trade to allow us to reach Bihé, nothing would be easier than to let some of those tribes on the road know, in order to put us out of the way; or as others had it, not let us pass. All that I replied to these things was this: We have safely reached Benguela. We are not stopped yet, and we purpose to go on into Bihé. There was a much quieter tone manifested when these ideas were advanced.

"From some persons in Catumbella I received thorough kindness. A Mr. Mark de A. Seruiya showed me most kind attention. Mr. Seruiya is an English subject, born at Gibraltar. Mr. Bensande also showed me most hearty kindness. He is an Englishman, and head of a firm doing business in Catumbella. He sent for a man named Barros, a Bihéan, who went in with De Serpa Pinto. We had a long talk with him, and not only learned much about ways and customs and needs, but also have hopes of being able to hire Barros for the journey, and perhaps longer. He appears to be a most valuable man. He knows all the road, all the people, is a fine specimen of humanity, and thoroughly well-recommended.

"I will now run through briefly the substance of information gathered about the trip. From Benguela to Bihé takes twelve days' travel; that is, about fifteen on the road. There are five rivers to cross, but they are all passable except about the month of March, when they are too high and turbulent. Usually they are only such as the porters can wade through, although all are now supplied with boats to put over passengers. I also found that the month of January is good to move inland, because of the new supply of corn and other crops then coming into market, while now there is a scarcity. The best time, however, in all the year to make the journey is May. It *might* be possible to get carriers here (at Catumbella), but the safest way is to send

to the king of Bailunda for him to send down carriers who will take all loads into Bihé. The Bailunda men will go into Bihé for extra pay, and will thus save great trouble on the way.

"It will take twenty days to get carriers from Bailunda. There is no object that I can see to be gained in staying here. There is a bad rainy season to meet between now and May, expenses of living, and loss of time. Of course I do not mean that we could not be well employed in the study of the language, etc., but then this can be done better in Bihé. The same language is spoken here as in Bihé, namely, Ambunda. There is much difficulty in getting intelligent answers to questions here because they know so much Portuguese and have mixed it up so thoroughly with their own tongue.

"There are three sobas (chiefs or kings) through whose lands we have to pass on the road to Bihé, and to whom a present will have to be paid. I am assured by some that we cannot go into Bihé without making presents of *rum*. But when told that we cannot do this, but that nevertheless we *are* going to Bihé, then they say, "Well, then, you will have to pay double in other things." Money is useless when we leave Catumbella; then, cloth and beads and such things are the articles of barter.

"I am also told that the customs of the people are very strange in some regards; that they are very quick to take offence, and that their mode of doing is to fine the one who displeases them, and that they do so in royal style. Sometimes *all* that a man or party has is confiscated at one sweep, for some petty breach of etiquette, and that when there is no intention of giving offence.

"Then there is another thing. I am told that unless the king of Bihé takes a liking to us he will not allow us to stay in his country at any price. We, however, confidently expect not only to go into Bihé, but to stay there and to possess the land in the name of our God.

"I did not say, I believe, that we can take donkeys in without any great difficulty. I expect to take those we now have, four,

and perhaps some more. Our pack-saddles are out and fitted and work well. Our intention is to take in as little of the stores as possible. I am assured that there is no danger of white ants in the custom-house, and there certainly is not at present any indication of their being there, but in *this* house nothing is safe. We have to look at boxes, etc., every two or three days. When there is any danger of these little pests, the only safety for goods is tin-lined cases, and the only way to make quite sure of bales is to have them packed in tarred canvas — and this most carefully. I had these things done in England, but I did not think that the ants would hurt *beads*, and these are only in wooden boxes and will no doubt suffer, as the ants eat out all the threads, and leave the beads loose and not so valuable, nor so handy.

"I am thinking somewhat of sending to Mossámedes for two riding oxen; they are to be obtained there cheap, but here they are not to be found. There are plenty of cattle on the road to Bihé, but no certainty yet of how plentiful they are in Bihé.

"During the past weeks there has grown up a better feeling toward us. The people have now made up their minds that we are what we represent ourselves to be, and not, as they supposed and obstinately believed that we were, the first of a lot of American colonists who were going inland to open a new trade, and establish a new town, and cut off all their customers before they reached the coast. Now we are, in their view, only a well outfitted party of missionaries, to be looked upon with wonder, and as, beyond all comprehension, insane and rather dangerous; but as we are here, and cannot very well be turned back now, and as we are not quite so contemptible as they would like us to be, they will treat us well to our faces, laugh at us behind our backs, and impose on us financially on all possible occasions.

"Since I wrote the first part of this letter, I have seen and hired the man spoken of for the purpose of guide and factotum for the journey into Bihé. He bears a splendid character as a

guide and as a man to deal with the natives, but does not have any character for honesty, and does not fail to get too full when drink can be obtained. He has now promised to keep sober, and has done so for some time.

"The question is yet an open one as to the best mode of getting carriers. Some doubt has been thrown on the question of sending to Bihé or Bailunda. How to do I am not yet sure, but please remember that we are in Africa and not in America; that we have to deal with the Portuguese colonists and natives, and that they are *slow*, *slower*, *slowest;* that to move such a force is not any child's play; that we are only just arrived here and communication is very difficult. To illustrate: Catumbella, twelve miles away, can only be reached by special messenger, and therefore two days, one to go and one to return, are needed for any reply. One thing seems now to be certain: whatever is finally adopted, there is no question but we shall find the best way, for we are constantly enjoying the sense of our Father's hand leading us and opening our way, just as fast as he wishes us to go. Sometimes we find that *our* way would be to go faster than the Lord would have us go."

VEXATIOUS DELAYS FOR LACK OF CARRIERS.

The new year of 1881 found them still in Benguela. January 7, Mr. Bagster says:

"You may think that we are unnecessarily delaying in this place; but I think, were you here, you would see that everything has been done that could be done, to hasten our departure from this unhealthy place for the universally declared healthy region of Bihé.

"I have found extreme difficulty in securing a guide, and it is practicably impossible to go into Bihé without a guide who can speak the native language; for we find but very few who speak Portuguese, on the road this side of Bihé; and the advantage is great of having a guide who knows the Sobas and can treat with them.

"I have been working for the only two guides that were recommended in the smallest degree.

"First. Barros agreed to go; but I heard such a bad account of his drinking and stealing that, although he was recommended very highly as a guide, when I heard of a far better man and as good a guide, I attempted to hire,

"Second. Verissimo José Gonçalves, and thought everything was arranged to the satisfaction of both parties; but to my surprise, he returned to Catumbella without even a word to me — either yes or no. Then I went down to Catumbella, and, not hearing of any one else who would do, I offered Gonçalves better terms, and again we parted with the brightest prospect of his going with us. That night he sent us a note positively declining to go.

"Third. I sent for the man Barros (he is a Bihéan), and having told him why I was afraid of him, we talked the matter over, and when every point was arranged, he agreed to take us to Bihé. I then returned to Benguela to get an agreement drawn up, and having done so (it could not be done in Catumbella) sent it to a friend in Catumbella, who read it over to the man Barros, who agreed to it and promised to be here to begin January 1st, and to sign the agreement at the notary's. This is the 6th, and no Barros. On the 4th I sent a messenger to Catumbella to ascertain the cause of delay, and hope to see him back today.

"As I found so much difficulty in hiring a guide I did not send for porters; but when I *had hired* Barros, then I at once sent to Bihé for porters. The messenger got started, after many delays, on the 31st of December, and now we look for the porters between the 20th and 30th instant. Today we have no guide. But then 'The Lord reigneth,' and he looks only for the best service that his servants can give. And so we trust; and however crooked the way looks to us, yet *it is the right way*.

"I have now for about eighteen days been scarcely free from fever and chills, and again yesterday had to call in the doctor.

Today I am better, and hope to continue to improve. I have, however, had a very severe attack, notwithstanding all precautions. It is a trial of faith to lie upon the bed and see so much needing to be done. But 'My strength' 'thy weakness.' Benguela is a very unhealthy place. I do not know of a Portuguese who has not had fever *since* we came. The Portuguese looked for us to have fever before we had been here one week. The doctor who has been attending me since the third day is a fairly good physician, and can be said to understand the fever. My greatest trouble has been my head; it has been extremely bad. Now I hope that I am improving and that I shall be able for the work as it comes along."

January 14th, 1881, he wrote:

"Brother Sanders and Miller continue well. I am nearly myself again and daily feel new strength and health, although at times I find my head a little troublesome. I believe, however, with care, that I shall rejoice in strength by the time the march begins inland.

"Indeed, wonderful has been the leading of the Lord, and truly when my thought returns to it from time to time there comes to me this confidence: if the past is thus and thus, how absolute should be our confidence for the future! And the eye will fill with joy and the heart run over with thanksgiving. *All* of grace.

"How glad we should be to see the physician, I can hardly tell you; and yet we can say, *He* doeth all things well. You may be sure, however, that the right man, when he comes, will be indeed 'the beloved physician.'

"We have already heard that we are to be invited to remain at Belmont, Mr. Silva Porto's place, during the rains; but this needs confirmation. We should otherwise build a roof of poles and thatch over our tents and be very snug.

"There has been much kindness shown us. Mr. Seruiya

wrote to the king of Bihé in the first place in my name for porters. Not content with this, he wrote again on his own account and also to two of his friends in Bihé to go and see the king and hasten the porters. I have heard today that our messenger who left December 31st has reached Bihé. We are busy preparing the loads and packing up. There is an immense amount of work to be done even now. Today we looked out for the presents for the king of Bailunda, and two small sobas on the way. I find a very small present does for these, and have added somewhat to the king of Bailunda's present, as from all accounts we may find it a very advantageous thing to have the station by the way established there, and we must win the king on this first trip. The country is said to be as fine or finer than Bihé. We pray for the continual blessing of our God, for we evidently are wonderfully blest.

"Your grant of Bibles and Testaments has been remarkably called for, and I believe will do much good.

"I must close with this word: We continually praise God, and gather much strength from so doing. We are going one step at a time, but each one in simple dependence on Him."

TRIAL TRIP TO CATUMBELLA — FEVER — BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

Mr. Sanders writes, December 23, 1880, to January 20, 1881:

"On Sunday a riding ox was delivered. Two were ordered, but Mr. Margnese's agent could find only one that fulfilled the requisite conditions. It cost $36.00, but with all charges cost us here $44.00. It is in excellent trim, gentle and well-trained. Monday night Mr. Bagster put on it the really good saddle that he had made, while I strapped an empty sack on the strongest donkey. Neither was inclined to go as fast as we wished just at first, but very soon the ox did as he was required. Then we tried following the donkey with the ox. It worked perfectly. He trotted off so briskly that the ox was left well in the rear. On the following day Mr. Bagster rode the ox to the 'alfandega'

(custom-house). It was much admired there. When he returned he complained of the excessive heat and sat about or lay down during the rest of the day. During the night he had fever which was connected with severe pain in the head and in all the bones.

"At four o'clock promptly one of our corrigadores aroused us. Mr. Bagster felt a little better, so we decided to go. At about a quarter to five we were off. At once the carriers began to shout. At first I felt like criticising the fellows and drawing thence a proof of how childish and simple they are. Bethinking myself of the time when a freshman class, with about the same average age, used to delight in shouts and yells, I refrained.

"There are six men to each tepoia. They replace each other about once in six rods. The changes are so arranged that each one takes his turn behind at the heavy end as well as in front. With increasing light came the opportunity of more closely examining the carriers. Their heads were dressed in various ways, but all quite simple. The most elaborate had the hair parted in the middle; then from that about thirty-five braids extended down the sides and back of the head, giving it the effect of alternate ridges and furrows. Most wore some charm about the neck and wrists, or a rattle encircling the leg between the knee and calf. This last is said to scare away snakes. These men carry the tepoia at a slow trot. The exclamation b-r-r-r-r-r, of disgust, is very frequent when a man takes the heavy end. It always sounds funny to the person carried. When two good men take hold they run quite rapidly for a few rods. Most of them take the slow trot. It is found that if they keep step it is harder to carry.

"The distance to Catumbella is variously estimated at from ten to fifteen miles. It is a monotonous trip. Here and there we met travelers, and then the greeting 'mui' was passed. Just before reaching Catumbella we stopped to look at some donkeys. While waiting to have them brought in we were taken through one of the three aguardente distilleries. In one

room was the crusher; then the juice of the sugar-cane passed into a fermenting-room, and the still was in a room beyond. This mill belongs to the house where we were entertained a few days. Having picked our donkeys we walked to the ferry near by. In the river are many alligators. The manager of the mill said that several blacks are killed by them every year. He has seen them knock over a person stooping down to dip up or to drink the water. Higher up the river among the mountains they are said to be scarce.

"Entering Catumbella we found it more compact than Benguela and not nearly as pleasant. The few streets are narrow, and have not so many trees.

"We stopped with Mr. Borders for breakfast. Mr. Bagster was taken with dizziness, and went to Mr. Borders's room and laid down. The conversation of the people who came in was for the most part about our expected journey. Much unasked advice was given. First, they said we shall act like madmen if no aguardente is taken, for the chiefs or sobas. The expense, they argued, would be trifling. Mr. Borders explained that we intend to abstain from giving liquor, not on account of expense, but from principle. At this they could but shrug their shoulders. Mr. Borders said that, though taking no stock in our beliefs or purposes, he wishes us well for our own sakes, and would, therefore, like to see us avoid butting our heads against a stone wall. None of these men believe that "the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water."

"We found Mr. Bagster feeling better, so we looked at a few of the curiosities in the room. A sword showed that somewhere inland the people have considerable skill in working iron. Especially interesting was a "merimba." It is a musical instrument frequently met with among the natives. On a little board about six by four inches is fastened, sometimes one, sometimes two rows of long thin pieces of iron. They are fastened on with a sort of iron rivets or nails. The curious fact is that many merimbas have the first six notes of the diatonic scale *almost per-*

fectly. Beyond that none of the six or seven that I examined could go at all with correctness. The best of them had about fourteen or sixteen notes.

"Finding that tepoia poles are sold at Catumbella, and not in Benguela, we went to get some. We walked up the street to where the gentio come in from the interior, and where we must go when we set out. The path passes up a steep hill, and then along the ridge, until at the distance of about three quarters of a mile, or a mile, it passes over a hill-top and out of sight. At the side of the road were quite a number of men just arranging their things for the return inland. Their clean, bright cloths formed a great contrast to the dirty rags of the incoming barbarian. Having entered the house, bought some poles, and returned to the door, we seated ourselves. There, looking toward the interior of the house, we could see men sacking the salt they had obtained. We also noticed here a peculiar custom of the natives. A man wishing to pass through the midst of us, stooped forward as he went, and also kept snapping thumb and finger until beyond the last. The hand was held forward and about as high as the knee. This seems to be their way of saying, 'Excuse my passing in front of you.'

"About noon we started homeward to Benguela. Mr. Bagster felt quite unwell, and preferred to be there if about to have a season of sickness. Today he has been abed nearly all the time, having several alternations of chills and fever. He declares he is not so badly off as he has seen others. He is badly enough off, I think.

"Today, I went to the tabelliao (notary) to have an agreement with Barros drawn up. I saw in his house one of the Bibles we gave away. It lay, not in a dark corner and covered with dust, but on the center-table in the sitting-room. He asked that I would sell or give him one (this was given to one of his employés), though it is his wife, he explained, who desires it. Taking warning from the last case, I said I would be very glad to present him with one.

"*Dec. 28.* Our Christmas was a little different from what we could have wished. Mr. Bensande had invited us to Catumbella to dinner. Christmas morning, however, Mr. Bagster had a very bad chill, so we sent for a physician. He called three times that day, twice the next, and once on Monday, when Mr. Bagster asked me to send him a note saying that we would let him know if there should be more need of his services. At the same time we called another physician, under whose treatment he is far better today, Tuesday. He has had intense pain in the head for five or six days, but is better now. Last night he was delirious for an hour or two. The fever was remittent. The first doctor was going on the plan of large doses and starvation. Mr. Bagster's homeopathic instincts revolted at such treatment. This other encourages eating, even more so than the patient would advocate, while the quantity of medicine is much smaller.

"Mr. Bensande, of Catumbella, wrote on Christmas day that the messenger to Bihé for porters had already been sent. This will enable us to start, perhaps, by the middle of January. I imagine that in any case we shall be caught in the rains. Perhaps they will hold off a few days however. Mr. Seruiya wrote at the same time to a friend in Bihé to hurry matters as much as possible.

"*Jan. 4, 1881.* I recollect that when on the steamer, we pictured ourselves as well in on our journey by this time. Already the great potentate of Bihé was to have been sitting expectant. As facts really stand, he probably has not heard from us. Word came from Mr. Bensande on the 31st that the messenger for porters had started only the day before. Nearly six days he waited that he might be able to attach himself to some company of travellers.

"We begin to fear that Barros, our guide, has given us the slip. It is already three days since he was to come. We shall feel quite annoyed if there be difficulty on this score.

"On the 3d of January were delivered four more donkeys.

We were gratified that they were not brought on Sunday. That has been the time for such business so frequently, that we really expected the same thing this time. The donkeys brought at first are in a fine condition. Tonight, after dinner, I put on one of them a little canvas saddle that I made yesterday. It is a very simple affair, that took about half an hour for construction, but gives a firm seat. The donkey started off finely, but soon had a mind of his own. We failed to agree as to the route. As I only had a halter, he gave much trouble. After considerable struggling, I cuffed his ears, after which he was quite tractable, and trotted as well as a donkey can.

"The way we buy grass for our beasts is ridiculous. Several women bring some bunches on their heads. One of our boys is the regular buyer, and pays from three to six cents a bunch. This morning the fellow was quite drunk. (We let them go to a supper, on promise of an early return. They came in at six, A.M.) I thought it would be better for me to buy this morning on that account. So I went out, and paid seven and a half cents apiece for two bunches, six for another, and four and a half for another. He was around in a minute or two, as vexed as could be, declaring that I had given one and a half cents too much for those; that they were worth only six cents. Some more hay-venders coming just then, I reinstated him in his office. After spending half an hour in 'bearing' the market, he brought prices to their normal position again. We have to be particular about these trifling expenses since they are so many that small differences in price count up a good deal in the long run.

"Mr. Bagster recovered from his fever so as to be well on New Year. Yet he has not been really well since. His head gives him trouble. He said today that it seems as if the blood settles in his head when he lies down. If he lies on his back, the back of his head aches when he arises. If on the side, the under side of the head aches on getting up. Tonight he seems to be quite badly off again. For three or four hours he worked hard, and overdid himself. That is his danger. He had much

better let Mr. Miller or me, or some one else do the work, and be content with the poorer workmanship.

"I have been working this afternoon on a 'tampa,' or frame, that is above the hammock of the tepoia, for shading it. The carpenter charged such an outrageous price for making tepoias that we bought a long board, the poles, and hammocks, and are fixing them ourselves.

"All the Bibles that we can spare (we keep three to give in Bihé), all but four Testaments, and about twenty Gospel portions have been given away. Six of the Bibles were sold at five hundred reis (fifty cents) each, and one Testament for three hundred reis (thirty cents).

"I have wondered how far they understood about these books. They assent to all that is said about them (which is necessarily very little). All desired the Bibles, partly because the translation is the work of a priest, but chiefly on another account. The livrinhos (little books) they say are for children. The grown men feel that only the large ones befit them. There has been only one woman for a book, although some may have gotten them indirectly, as I know happened in one case."

A FALSE START — TAKEN FOR AMERICAN COLONISTS — LEARNING AMBUNDA.

Early in February porters were secured who had come down from Bihé with loads for traders at Catumbella, and a start from Benguela for Bihé was made. Mr. Sanders and Mr. Miller went on to Catumbella, leaving Mr. Bagster to close up business. On reaching Catumbella they found that these porters had been cheated out of their wages by the traders, and had been advised to repay themselves by robbing the Americans when they had got them well into the mountains. The guide Barros was so thoroughly convinced that mischief was brewing that he would not assume the responsibility of starting. The only two men to be trusted in Catumbella said, "Don't go! Wait. It is not safe; you certainly will be murdered." A friendly merchant had

also just received letters from Bihé saying that the king had despatched a company of porters to the coast in charge of his nephew to conduct the missionaries to his capital. In view of these things, they all returned to Benguela, where Mr. Bagster had a severe attack of fever.

"On Sunday night," says Mr. Sanders, "after talking about Mr. Bagster's needs, the physician who was attending him entered into quite a discussion with me of a semi-religious character. The chief point was to put Calvin, Luther, Renan, and others, into the same category; the bond of union being excommunication by the pope, and the attempt to found a new religion.

"Then he took another turn and asked when the colonists would follow us. I remarked that we are missionaries and not colonists. He acknowledged us as such, but said that England always sends missionaries for the one purpose of giving peaceful entrance to the colonists who are to be sent to that place. This he adhered to as an undeniable fact. Then, laying down as another certainty that England and America are really, and for all practical purposes the same, he deduced the conclusion that colonists are to follow us, and from this belief he would not budge.

"Mr. Miller and I are trying to get hold of a little Ambunda every day. Mr. Bagster's sickness has prevented him from trying to do much as yet. It is difficult to get what we want from our guide. He is not a born teacher, and soon tires if the lesson lasts long. Today we have made some attempts to make some of the gentio understand a few words, but succeeded mostly in amusing them, or soliciting blank looks. However, remembering that the same results attended the first efforts at Portuguese, we laugh too and try again."

Of their progress in learning the language Mr. Miller writes hopefully, February 15, 1881:

"I feel quite justified in not writing to you before now since Mr. Bagster and Mr. Sanders have written you such voluminous accounts of the expedition, place, and people. No doubt you will be surprised to hear that we are not in Bihé. So are we. We have had no opportunity yet to go. The porters of the king of Bihé have been ordered, and are said to be on the road, and will probably arrive here on the last of the month or first of March. Our stay here has indeed been longer than we expected or desired. Still we have got on very well, having a good house to shelter us, and the climate apparently moderate, having a strong sea-breeze daily, arising in the morning about ten o'clock, and lasting till night, making one fancy himself to be in some pleasant temperate region in a summer day. Although Benguela is favored with this apparently healthy atmosphere, it is justly considered unhealthy. The Portuguese who have been residents of the town for years are no more exempted from fever than new comers. Mr. Sanders and I have been right well. Mr. Bagster had two attacks of fever, but is well again. We are spending our time in acquiring Portuguese and the language of Bihé, called Ambunda. I have learned a good deal of Portuguese, enough to ask questions and to understand the answers, which is a great help to me in acquiring Ambunda.

"Our guide is a native of Bihé, who has acquired the Portuguese language and appears to be a very intelligent man. Mr. Sanders and I take lessons under him in Ambunda, and, by this means, we have learned many words of Bihé, or Ambunda, already. We will be very glad indeed when the day comes for us to go up to that lovely and healthy land. For we are told constantly that it is a most beautiful and fertile country, abounding in the riches of a tropical region, besides having ice from two to three inches thick. The truth of this we shall test when we get there. There we hope, in the name of God, to unfurl the Christian banner and work bravely for our Lord. We are by no means cast down, since God is our help. We shall do all the good we can and leave results in the hands of God. It is for us to obey and He will provide. Therefore we go gladly to

do our Master's will. Remember my kindest regards to all the officers of the Board."

OFF FOR BIHÉ — THE ROUTE.

At last on the 9th of March, 1881, in cheerful spirits, our friends left Benguela for good.

"First," writes Mr. Bagster, "a health report: at present, good. Brother Sanders boasts of feeling extra fine; he can pull down the scale at the *same* half-pound that I can; that is one hundred and forty-two pounds. The meaning of this is, he has gained some ten pounds in Africa. I have lost some thirteen pounds. Brother Miller is well, growing in grace and knowledge. As to self, I am on the third day out of bed, and this is well. I am taken with a continual lazy fit. I take a few days' rest and a few days' work. Really I do not think I have been free from fever since the middle of December. But there is one comfort even in the midst of discomfort — the Lord reigneth. I find myself altogether too much of a grumbler and am ashamed to own it; but so it is. Yet truly I do rejoice, and joy in the God of my salvation.

"Second, I will attempt to give you a brief outline of the route to Bihé as gathered from various sources and as corrected by Barros. *Benguela* to *Catumbella* on the coast line; turn inland to *Kassange*, one and one-third days from Catumbella, passing the river Catumbella three times, and over the hills to *Kibula.* Here the slight change comes in the Ambunda language, and from here the same language prevails to Bihé. Beyond Bihé other languages prevail. To Usoki; fine country, cross several streams, to Kibanda; to Bonga, a small town, unimportant; to Bailunda, about the elevation of Bihé and said to be equally as important as Bihé, in fact larger and more populous, and the king of Bailunda seems to be quite independent of the king of Bihé. The people are different and marked by distinct peculiarities. The Bihéan seems the finer race. There are evidently even now to be seen *strong* reasons why, in the

early future, a station, and a strong one, should be established in Bailunda.

"We pass to Bihé; to do so we have to cross the river Kukema. Our first halt in Bihé will be Belmont, on the Quito River, and from there to the king's town, called by the Bihéans 'Metrovongo,' not Kagnombé. There seems to be some doubt as to the width of the river in the rainy season, but they have no doubt but that it is two hundred to two hundred and fifty yards wide in the dry season, and deep. There are plenty of small streams from four feet to twenty feet wide and from two feet to ten feet deep. Fish are abundant and good; small game also. I hear a very good account of the king of Bihé when sober, and have no question but he will use us with courtesy. Brothers Sanders and Miller are doing well with the study of Ambunda; they have a collection of some four hundred and fifty words, and Mr. Sanders already can understand a little and make himself understood in some simple matters.

"*March 9.* Today we leave Benguela for Bihé. Everything has gone before; all that remains is to close one or two small accounts and follow. We leave Catumbella, the Lord willing, tomorrow morning. Suddenly we found the chance to go and we at once availed ourselves of it, and today, the second day after hearing of it, we are on the road. Brothers Sanders and Miller well, myself in poor condition.

"We do not go with the porters of the king of Bihé, but with another man, and leave the loads ready for the king's men. They are bringing down produce, and will not reach here for two months."

They arrived at Catumbella safely.

"The following day," continues Mr. Bagster, "was spent in trying to gather up the promised porters. This was extremely difficult. The head man of the Bihé caravan failed us entirely, and at one time we thought that about thirty-five were all the men we could get; but after some had received their loads and

started out to their friends, we had a string of porters come in until at four o'clock of the second day we mustered out some sixty loads and a few men for donkeys, for tepoias, and the usual odd lot of camp followers; two seculas, guide Barros, seven donkeys (one left at Benguela sick), and mission party; in all, about ninety-five souls. Behind us in Catumbella we had been obliged to leave forty-two loads in store; at Mr. Marques's, in Benguela, sixty-three boxes and bales, large and small, and one hundred and ten bales and boxes in the custom-house."

His next communication is from

"KASSANGE (about forty miles from Catumbella),
15th March, 1881.

"Your very welcome letter of January 11th came to hand today about ten o'clock A.M. This is ten P.M. I have much to report, but am quite unable to do it for this mail, and can only say you shall have all particulars by next mail. The porters, three — one will not travel alone — who brought the mail, are sleeping at my feet as I write. They start back to Catumbella, and from there the mail is forwarded to Benguela to catch this month's steamer, if possible.

"I sit under a tree, the moon shines, and the mountains stand round about in deep shade. Brothers Sanders and Miller are in good health, and so am I. I have been wonderfully strengthened, and am well, although the day I left Benguela was most of it spent in bed. I cannot give details; time will not allow. I only say this and tell you my intentions. The journey is *far* more difficult and dangerous than I had been led to expect, and of the roughest mountain travel. After this point, however, it improves. It is impossible for ladies to come in here, except under *proper* arrangements. These can be made, and a journey that tried the pluck of the present three would lose its terrors, and become at least endurable, and to those who love the wonders and mighty handiwork of our God, really enjoyable. I have, therefore, fully decided to go into Bihé with all haste,

there see the king, establish Brothers Sanders and Miller and get them to work, and *return* to Benguela with Silva Porter and Galvao, who will be about starting for Benguela. There I shall look to meet the doctor and others, and safely and comfortably take them into Bihé. This is my intention.

"The journey from Benguela to Bihé is a very costly one and the greatest care cannot make it otherwise. The fact is that not only are there heavy expenses from the great tax that is put upon each sixty pounds for carriage so long a distance, but the multitude of calls and *demands* far, far exceed the actual wages paid for a porter. Another thing of moment is this: it is absolutely certain that no party can go in unarmed, and that porters *will not* go unarmed. There is no reason, with proper precaution, why any trouble should occur, but precautionary measures are necessary. I am sure when I tell you that our guide would not, all day yesterday or today, allow one of us to be for even a short distance separated from the party, that you will think he considered us in a dangerous country. About one third of the road is thus dangerous; the remainder is considered safe.

"My present idea is that we shall be kindly received in Bihé, and that an early addition to our number would be well. We have much need of your constant and increasing prayers.

"Our guide Barros is the most awful liar I ever knew; he much prefers lying to speaking the truth, and cannot be persuaded to speak the truth even on our business. So very bad is this that we are always correcting his falsehoods and making right his misstatements. When you think we have crowds of the poor, ignorant blacks to deal with through him, and that I, as leader, have the double difficulty of speaking through an interpreter, you can understand that there is need of much grace; add to this the immense cost attached to moving in this country, and you can perhaps enter somewhat into my present position. But, as a friend said to me by this mail, 'The Lord Jesus does not want everything done in a minute.'

"I most strongly advise every man who comes here to bring a good, medium-sized, stout young mule for riding, and a good

saddle. The best build is the Mexican, or in default of this, a good cavalry saddle, bridle, and blanket, etc. The ladies, unless fearless riders, will do better in tepoias. The mules can be bought in Lisbon and will be invaluable, and worth even the heavy cost of purchase and shipment. I have a *magnificent* riding ox, but the ox is only a make-shift, and not to be compared to a mule. In case oxen are decided on, by all means bring saddles. They cannot be found here.

"Please excuse this; but the lamp is very dim, and I am weary. We press toward the mark. Our hearts long for these people, and we are walking in the blessing to peace. May the same Lord keep and bless you very abundantly. Yours in Christ's service."

A ROUGH ROAD THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

Mr. Bagster does not represent the road as an easy one to travel.

"From Catumbella it is a long and rough climb for four hours, then a descent, then another mountain climb, then down, then a long and broken road, then another long, steep mountain, and a fearfully rough descent to the Catumbella River. This takes from eight to ten hours of rapid marching over a country destitute of water: a few miles, perhaps five, by the side of the river then a turn to the left into a romantic, grand, majestic cañon, between the mountains towering in naked strength, the gulches filled with wild masses of vegetation, the path strewn with rocks, the trees struggling to out-top the vines and climbing plants; but little water, every here and there a muddy place giving a poor supply.

"Constant travel and the rains have washed out the path, only at best eight inches wide, to a sort of gutter, making all walking very hard for man or beast. For any who can stand the tepoia this will do, and for the one who brings ladies, this is the only way. Brother Sanders has taken to the tepoia very kindly, and rather enjoys the mode of travel. My dislike in-

creases, and I am very thankful for the ox that has brought me thus far on the way, although it has been very trying at times because I have been compelled to override him some half a mile an hour, and this has somewhat worried him; but yet he has been better than a tepoia.

"We reached this place, Bailunda, on Saturday at about ten A.M., and went into camp; put up tent amidst a tremendous thunder-shower. Since then we have had constant cloudy, showery weather"

Mr. Sanders, in a letter dated Bailunda, March 28 to April 1, 1881, tells the story of their progress day by day:

ITINERARY FROM CATUMBELLA TO BAILUNDA.

"We reached this place last Saturday (26th). I take up my pen for the first letter since Catumbella. It will be well to start from the beginning of our trip.

"On Friday, March 11, after two days of vexation, we started from Catumbella with about sixty carriers, the donkeys and an ox. At the last minute it was found that not as many carriers as were expected could be had. Hence the loads had to be re-divided, and such as could be left were stored at Mr Bensande's. It was about four o'clock, P.M., when the donkeys were saddled, put in the charge of four men, and started. As the men knew nothing about them, I went with them, and reached the encampment about eight o'clock. Mr. Bagster and Mr. Miller waited to secure a few more men for a heavy load or two, the carriers of which did not appear.

"After much annoying delay, they set out at about eight, and arrived in camp about ten. I had just dropped asleep, but was awakened, and crawled from under the tepoia just as they approached. There was nothing to do but to arrange ourselves as comfortably as possible for sleep. This was a simple matter, as we had but a blanket each. The "encampment" was no more than a place where we all huddled together in the open air. Only such water was to be had as each brought. The place afforded neither water nor grass for the animals.

"The carriers amused themselves a short time by singing. One sings a solo, and the others take up the chorus, the music of which seems always the same. The singing did not continue long. All became quiet and apparently asleep. During the night we were kept awake much by the cold which was greater than I, at least, expected. The lack of shelter made it felt.

"On the morning of the 12th, almost before the eastern sky was streaked by a ray of light, the carriers with their loads began to rush off. The donkey men were calling to have their beasts made ready. As soon as possible this was done. About a quarter of six we started. During all this day the donkeys caused much work, because their drivers were ignorant how to manage them. From the start the trail was rough. We crossed two or three steep and long hills that tried the loaded donkeys much. Finally, we came to the end of these hills, as our guide assured us. Then the loads were shifted and the saddles tightened. From this point to the river, he said, the road was good. Mr. Miller, who had four tepoia men, pushed on toward the river.

"After going up and down a rolling country until nearly two o'clock, the river came to view. The greenness along its banks was a pleasant contrast to the dried-up country just passed. The carriers were by the water side cooking their food. While searching for two or three boxes which we wanted, I was joined by Mr. Miller, who had just arrived. Both of us had walked almost the whole distance on account of lack of carriers. This is the great nuisance of tepoia travel, and one that we have constantly experienced. In about half an hour Mr. Bagster arrived with the donkeys. He had had to change the loads several times. The donkey men had practically done nothing. The guide, instead of helping when a donkey was down, seated himself and smiled at Mr. Bagster, as he worked and sweat. Mr. Bagster was tired out from having to assume the labor of all these.

"Contrary to our expectation, we found that the camp was more than an hour farther on. Giving the animals into the

charge of their drivers, we stopped for a lunch or breakfast before going on.

"This river is the same that flows through Catumbella. Here it is not more than forty feet wide. Even that I think is too large an estimate. Soon we went on, and after a hot walk of more than an hour arrived at camp. This consisted of eight or ten huts enclosed by a brush fence. Only a small part of the men could be with us here; the rest found or made other inclosures. The carriers are very particular to shut themselves in thus at night. After reaching camp there was only time to get dinner and put the things away before sunset and the quickly following darkness. A good moon, however, enlightened the first evenings of our trip. Spreading our blankets, we laid ourselves down in the open air. Until we arrived in Bailunda the tents were not used. But after a day or two of traveling, the largest hut in the encampment was reserved for our use. The natives build a hut, make a bed on each side, and then, with a fire in the middle of the place all night, manage to keep comfortable. As between Catumbella and Kissange there are no villages where the men may buy provisions, they would not stop in camp over one day.

"Turning from the river, the trail passed up between the mountains. It was a long, steep climb. The views on either side called for constant admiration. The grandeur of the mountains of rock gave a feeling of littleness to the looker-on. Gazing at these views occupied but little of the time. The path required much attention. Three or four times it was necessary to use all efforts to get the donkeys over some especially bad place. Had any of them been overloaded it would have been necessary to take off the loads. The ox would follow Mr. Bagster's lead over these places without much trouble. While ascending the hill we met a long line of people with loads destined for Catumbella. This was a daily occurrence till we reached Kitanda. There were from one to three hundred persons in each company. Many boys, not more than eleven or twelve years of age, were always present.

"When the head of the pass was reached, the aneroid carried by Mr. Bagster indicated seventeen hundred and fifty feet. We hoped the place for camping was near. It really was four hours away. So we went on up small hills and down until met by a few tepoia men, whom one of the seculas had gone ahead to obtain. At about two or three o'clock an encampment was reached. The scenery was rough and mountainous during the latter part of the day. Close at hand the face of the country was about as interesting as a mountain pasture, except that not a tree of large size is to be seen. The trail, which consists of one or several paths, is annoying and troublesome to the well-shod traveler. The path is much of the time some inches below the surface and only about four inches wide at the bottom. A barefoot native travels quite freely in such a ditch, but the wearer of large walking-shoes soon tires. After walking some miles in such (though there are not often long continuous stretches of this) we felt more like lying down at camp than anything else. The ox was so worried by these paths and by the rapid walking of the men that on the fifth, sixth, and seventh days he was utterly discouraged.

"The guide, Barros, had asked us to go with 'closed eyes.' He would look after everything. This advice did not recommend itself next morning when one donkey was found still saddled. However, after the donkeys were unsaddled by us at night, a process too mysterious for the Kimbundu, he was responsible for them until the next morning's start, when they would again need the saddle.

"Traveling but an hour or two, we camped by the hut of a Portuguese. Much of the time that day was occupied in reviewing loads and giving rations. Any such thing is slow and vexatious. Three or four times, at least, a great clamor is sure to be made. At last the matter was ended; certain loads were reserved to be opened, and the others were sent to the carriers' camps.

"*March 14.* Some time before this the messengers with the mail-bag had arrived. Now, about the middle of the afternoon,

the letters were read. The 'camp' was the shade of a small tree, and here this afternoon and night were passed. Of course, and as usual since then, a staring crowd (never exceeding thirty) took the chance of getting personal knowledge of the whites.

"Early next morning, March 15, we were up and away. Good-by was said to the Portuguese at whose house we stayed. He had a hut no better than the natives. He declared them robbers, etc They had stolen his cloth. Possibly they have their opinion of him, who is a slave dealer.

"Going on about three miles we found that one of our seculas was sick and could not travel that day. So we entered an encampment some distance off, and were glad to lie under a tree and rest. The usual number of on-lookers were there; but for that there was no help.

"Making the usual early start in the morning, March 16, we had a long and tedious tramp before encamping. Three times we crossed a 'river' that was a good-sized brook. The rivers here are insignificant. A ditch with scarcely any water is called 'river.' From this day on, water was abundant. The porters have a predisposition to pass the good water, and camp by that which is muddy. Our caravan was so made up that they rushed off in the morning with their loads and camped when and where they pleased. Thus we never stop in a spot chosen by ourselves.

"This day, also, the scenery was grand. Several mountains of bare rock appeared, and their various aspects, as we were in different positions, kept our eyes turning toward them. At last, while the first were yet in view, we encamped on a hillside facing the last one. At this camp carriers for the tepoias were arranged. They had been lacking thus far. The bad walking and heat made the journey very trying.

"Early on Thursday, March 17, we were up and off. The country this day exhibited no specially marked feature. Nowhere does it seem tropical; and such scenery would excite no surprise in the latitude of Boston. Here all the vegetation appears much like that of New England.

"I suppose the season of the year (autumn) accounts for the absence of any great display of flowers. In the four or five days before reaching Bailunda there were many flowers, yet in no such abundance as at home in the spring.

"The lack of good-sized trees is due, I suppose, to the constantly passing caravans, which cut them down before they are of any size. In most places they are hardly more than bushes. Perhaps if we had gone some distance to the right or left large trees would have been found. This day, after reaching camp, the present for the soba of Kihula was made ready and sent. The two seculas were entrusted with its delivery. A petty chief, also, had to be presented with eight yards of cloth. This country, as well as Kassange, just passed, is, the guide said, infested with robbers. The Portuguese say that a white man may go with his four tepoia carriers from Bihé to Benguela without the slightest hindrance. Of course these men do not travel unarmed. No one, black or white, starts without his rifle, if he has one.

"Here, as usual, a number of women and children are at hand with corn and beer for sale. The products offered for sale are few in number. First and chief, their beer should be mentioned. It is made by boiling corn meal and putting into this, when cold, water prepared with the juice of a root found in abundance. Next day the beer is ready. Corn meal and corn on the ear are the next articles for sale that deserve mention. These two forms of corn constitute the staple food of these people How they can eat boiled corn meal day after day is a wonder to us. It is no marvel that salt has great value here. Without it, this diet must be insufferable. As a change from pudding, they roast corn on the ear, and may be seen eating it at any hour. Since reaching Kibanda sweet potatoes have been quite abundant, but the carriers do not seem to use them much. Beans, also, in these last days, have been offered at times. An inferior kind of squash, grown in the corn-fields, is quite abundant. Very little else is offered for sale. Generally our efforts to get a chicken or two were unavailing. Eggs also are hard to obtain.

"Starting from camp, this first one in Kibula, we had the usual routine, which I will describe in connection with this day, Friday, March 18th. Before the first streak of light, Mr. Bagster would be up and begin warming breakfast. At the outset, when Mr. Miller and I were in favor of making shift with a little bite in the mornings and whenever very tired, Mr. Bagster declared we must always take care to have our food regularly and enough of it, or none of us would keep health and strength to reach Bihé. As we brought no servant to do the cooking [they could only have had women to cook] and as Mr. Miller or I would soon reduce the party to semi-starvation were we to do it, the actual cooking has mostly fallen to Mr. Bagster, while Mr. Miller and I are assistants.

"Just as we finish breakfast, it grows light. The carriers now clamor for the loads; so those opened for our use (from four to six) are hastily arranged and delivered to their carriers, who bind them and follow those already gone. After getting rid of these loads the donkeys are saddled and are then ready for the drivers. Mr. Bagster then saddles his ox, the others arrange their tepoias, and away we all go. Soon we get apart, it may be not to see each other until at the encampment.

"The journey on this day was between mountains, up hill and down. The fields of corn were more numerous than before. The corn is planted in rows and hilled as in America. Beans and squashes, sometimes castor-oil beans, also mandioca, are grown among the corn-stalks. It is noticeable that the fields are scarcely ever protected either from beasts or travelers. Of the former there seem to be none. Two wild animals are the sum of those as yet seen by any of us. Mr. Bagster saw something of about the size of a small pig, but it immediately disappeared. Mr. Miller also saw a wild goat. I never saw a place where there seemed such an utter absence of animals, domestic or wild. In Kassange they have many cattle, but beyond that there are none until Bailunda is reached. Though the path passes frequently through corn-fields, I saw no one take an ear. Nor did any signs of robbery appear. I do

not know what the power is that restrains them from petty theft when there is such opportunity.

"Having crossed the river Bailombo (not more than twenty yards at the ford) and gone on a mile, my carriers showed an encampment where we stopped. After waiting an hour for the others to arrive, I was told that they had encamped on the other side of the river. Sending a note back, I found that my men had taken me beyond the camp determined upon. With the messenger, Mr. Bagster sent some food and blankets. Disliking two more rides across the river on a man's shoulders, I did not go back, but camped alone, and quite early on Saturday Messrs. Bagster and Miller came up.

"Mr. Bagster had not been well during the night. The remnants of Benguela fever were at work. After traveling till ten we came to the house of a Mr. Coimbra. His elder brother we have since met in Bailunda. Both of these men were in Bihé. 'Mucanos' with the natives, as I understand, were the cause of this man's coming to Kibula. Pushing on toward camp, instead of stopping to eat with him, we arrived in an hour or two in camp.

"Here we stopped until Monday, March 21st. Sunday was, however, anything but such as could be wished. On Saturday evening Mr. Bagster was sick with fever. Sunday morning he felt quite well, and we hoped for a quiet day. Scarcely was breakfast over before the men began to clamor for rations, saying that they had calculated to receive them at the next place, but this delay made it necessary to have the cloth here. The upshot was that it had to be given. This took a good while. The work in the sun was scarcely over when Mr. Coimbra came to visit us and sat till about three o'clock. He made a present of two hens and some potatoes, which were acceptable. We had given him a Portuguese New Testament. Before he left, Mr. Bagster's fever returned, much worse than on the preceding day; so much so that I feared we should be unable to go on Monday. That night the men howled and sang to their own delight and our annoyance. This camp was near Mt. Longa.

Setting out early on Monday, we began soon to ascend the mountains. This tedious process continued for some hours until a height was reached on which we have since kept. The air became very perceptibly different, and more refreshing. Some of the grasses were of great beauty. The bushes continued to show that the Cometivas (caravans) had made camps all along the route.

"Mr. Bagster was so unwell that he gave the tepoia men some work. The heat and labor of riding the ox were more than he could stand. After an unusually hard march we came to camp. Mr. Bagster was much better then, and has been better ever since. (I am writing this on the 30th.) All attempts on this and other days to see tracks of game proved fruitless. Our camp this night was in the vicinity of Mt. Usoke.

"Next day, March 22, we reached camp at about half-past ten. Here the present for the king of Kibanda was entrusted to the seculas. They disappeared, and were not seen till next day. They reported that he was much obliged for that received, but wished aguardente also. Our guide sent the messenger off with the reply that we could not and would not give any.

"On Wednesday, March 23, camp was reached early, between twelve and one. Situated on a steep hill-side, even the beds (native make) had an uncomfortable slope. Above, on the brow of the hill, was a village whose people favored us with their presence and wares. These were, as usual, of very small variety. Before leaving Benguela our guide pictured all these places as overflowing with fowls, pigs, goats, fruit, etc. It was only by great pains that any animal, or fowl, or egg could be procured. More than half of the time they could not be had.

"Here notice was given that fourteen carriers must be paid off. Barros told them to go home, and return for pay early in the morning. One of the disadvantages of picking up carriers in Catumbella is that at each country some come for pay. They have reached home, and will go no further. Then comes the bother of getting new men. This is not always easily done. On Thursday morning the carriers came for pay. Barros had

asked a friend of his, a man of influence, to be present at the payment, to see that all had fair play. This man was asked what should be paid. Twelve yards, he said, was fair and right. This, though far beyond the scale of prices given by Barros in Benguela, Mr. Bagster prepared to pay. The first man refused twelve yards. Sixteen, or nothing, would be taken. Then commenced a general wrangling that continued for hours. Barros said the Bailundas were inciting the fourteen to stick to their claim. The friend of Barros sat on the fence, desiring on the one hand to be with us, and yet to avoid giving the carriers offense. The Bailundas were anxious and active in the affair, because the pay of these would gauge their own. About two o'clock a compromise was made for fourteen yards. After these were dispatched, carriers were arranged in their places. Then an understanding was reached with the Bailundas as to their pay.

"At this camp messengers came from Mr. Galvao. He heard that we were in Kibanda and sent to know the certainty. He had just reached Bailúnda on his way to the coast. With him was Joao Baptiste. By the messengers we sent a letter asking him to do nothing about our carriers, requested of the king of Bihé, until he should meet us. For he had sent word that he brought a letter from the king of Bihé, asking the king of Bailunda to furnish them.

"Next morning, March 24, an early start was made. About nine o'clock the caravan divided. The river Koovoo had to be crossed. The nearer route was said to be impassable by the donkeys and ox. So most of the porters took the nearer course, while we, with the animals, turned off to a better crossing. Reaching the "ford," the people crossed in a leaky bark canoe. The ferryman stood in the stern and skillfully managed the nondescript. The passengers would crouch at the other end, bending low to avoid tipping over the frail bark.

"As the river was not more than eighty feet wide, yet with considerable current, and deep, some ropes were spliced, and one end taken across. To the other end were fastened two or

three donkeys. They were pushed over the bank into the river, and with a little guidance swam across. The same was done with the ox. It was afternoon when all were across. Then commenced a march lasting until four o'clock. Neither our guide nor the secula with us knew the way. The men at last were tired out, and we stopped, constructing a camp, as none could be found. We could not help noticing how much less fertile the land appeared here than before.

"Next morning early we set out, and about eight fell in with the other carriers. Traveling till half-past ten, the camp was reached. The seculas thought we should camp nearer the residence of the king, but we did not care to do so. The preceding day it had rained, and scarcely had camp been reached before a thunder-storm came on. These were the first showers on the journey.

"On Friday, March 25th, the only thing that seemed feasible was to take the wetting, as most of our things were not with us. On Saturday, March 26th, putting on our rubber clothes, we raised the large tent, and soon were in good shelter. The tent had not been used before.

"I must go back to the first thing that happened in this camp. Two men were carrying Mr. Miller's tepoia as camp was reached and carried him right in. A man with his load was standing near where they came in. The front tepoia carrier warned him of their approach, but yet his load was hit by the tepoia, fell from his shoulders and, being a box with iron bands, cut a slight gash on his forearm. It was a mere scratch, from one to two inches in length. He immediately held up the arm for all to see. A 'mucano' was soon on foot. The two carriers paid the twelve yards each had earned, and a gun, merely as preliminary hush-money. Next day the trial was held. A large fine was imposed, but afterwards reduced to sixty yards of cloth. This one of the seculas paid. The young man at the front of the tepoia remains slave of the secula, but may be ransomed by payment of two slaves. He is yet with us, as the secula has not left our camp. The cut that caused all this fuss is so slight

that, further than to be covered with a little sticking-plaster, it deserves no thought.

"From camp on Saturday we sent word to the king of our arrival. Usually the whites send aguardente at the same time. The seculas thought we must. We did not, substituting a few handkerchiefs. As we neither could nor would give the liquor, the king made no fuss. The rain fell more or less during the afternoon and night. The tent kept us all right.

"On Sunday morning the weather cleared. The carriers early began demands for pay. Only a little time passed before Mr. Galvao and Mr. Joao Baptiste visited us. They had sent to have us call, but we replied that on Sunday we should not call. Further, that the king had bidden us move our camp nearer to his place on that day, but we had deferred the removal on the same ground. Not having the same feeling about visiting on Sunday, they came to us. Mr. Silva Porto does not pull with these men. They tried to enlist the king of Bailunda in their behalf against Bihé. Mr. Porto, on the other hand, urged the king to let them settle their own difficulty.

"On Monday we changed our camp, and are now about two miles from the hill of the king. Wednesday and Thursday have been passed in camp, ostensibly writing to America, but the visits and disturbances make it slow work. Now we would like to start for Bihé, but the cloth from Benguela has not arrived. Until it comes we must stay here, though it be another week or fortnight. The king has sent two goats and some corn meal; says we must not be compelled to buy food while stopping with him."

THE KING OF BAILUNDA.

On Monday, March 28, the first call was made on the king of Bailunda. Mr. Bagster thus describes the visit:

"Yesterday we went to see the king, and when there we entered into a very new experience to me, which, though curious, was not pleasant. After a busy morning, we reached the

king's village by a brisk walk of three quarters of an hour. When we approached the town we ascended a slope and came suddenly to the foot of a small round hill on which the houses are built, and at the top of which is the king's compound. After a steep climb, and passing through the crooked doors and passages, we found ourselves by the king's prison, and in the yard next to the king's house. There, under the shade of some of the largest trees we have come across, we sat down upon our own chairs and *waited*. In the course of half an hour some one hundred men and boys had collected to see the sight, and then came an immense bowl of native corn beer which was passed round. Another waiting time followed; then two large bowls of beer; then the ministers came in and sat upon a natural terrace of rocks at our right; after them the king, when all clapped their hands twice. He was introduced to us, we rose and shook hands, he seated himself upon my right, and again the hands were clapped and the word 'Bokwata,' ran round the circle. This took Brother Sanders and myself by surprise and we failed to clap; thereupon the king remarked that the white men did not clap, for they despised the black man. We corrected this idea, and the king, jumping up, went off by another door, but soon came back, and clap, clap, and 'Bokwata,' went round the circle. The king called for our Bailunda secula, who came forward and, squatting in the midst, he gave an account of our journey, etc. The king asked our guide some questions, after which our present to the king was brought in—four pieces of large handkerchiefs (twelve in a piece), two fancy shirts for himself, and six cheap cotton shirts, two strong clasp knives, one copper tea-kettle, one concertina, two pairs of cheap bracelets. To this we have to add, when our cloth comes, one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty yards of cotton cloth and prints. Our present satisfied the king very well; he only asked in addition for some of the white man's food, another kettle, and a chair. I replied that I was soon going to Benguela and would bring him a handsome blanket and chair. We were advised that this man was well

worth winning as a friend, and that he was favorable to the whites. Having sent for a fowl and given it us, the king asked some more questions, and I had the question asked him if we could stay, or return and settle in his country if we wished to, trying to make him understand what our work is and what we intend doing. He replied that he was an old man, that we might come and live in his country for a thousand years if we liked, but that when he died he could not say any more. Indeed, he appeared pleased with the idea, and, taken altogether, was certainly pleased with us. I told him I hoped that all our relations would be pleasant and long; and at this point the irrepressible courtiers began a discussion on the subject of making war on the king of Bihé, to which the day previous the king had been persuaded by Joas Baptiste, who says that the king of Bihé has robbed him of six thousand pounds' weight of ivory, and he is in hot haste to make war on the king. When we wearied of the native eloquence, we got excused, and left.

"The view from the king's place is very beautiful, and indeed any elevated spot near here gives a fine view. The leaning of the whole council was toward making war; but I do not believe that the king, whose wife is a daughter of the king of Bihé, has any intention of making war. The appearance of the king is of a savage of kindly disposition, and far above the average black in common sense; a strongly-built man, gray, and showing some signs of age, but certainly what would be called a good life in an insurance office.

"We have seen and received much information from Signor Silva Porto, who seems to be a different man from the others whom we have met. He has given us letters to Bihé, and has placed one of his houses at our disposal. Signor Galvao has also given us the best help and the unasked attention of four letters to Bihé, one to the soba (king) to tell him not to allow us to be bothered, or to allow any 'question,' mucano, to be put on us."

MR. BAGSTER RETURNS TO BENGUELA.

Before proceeding to Bihé it was judged expedient for Mr. Bagster to return to Benguela, and hasten forward the goods left there. Our friends had not gone far from Catumbella, on their way up, before they found that the journey was costing, in presents to sobas and in pay of cloth to the porters, so much more than the guide Barros had represented as to cause serious embarrassment. Orders were sent back to have more cloth forwarded. But one of the merchants who had been engaged to attend to these matters died suddenly, and another was obliged for special reasons to confine his attention to his own affairs. The quickest and surest way of going through to Bihé seemed to be for Mr. Sanders and Mr. Miller to remain in Bailunda, while Mr. Bagster went down again to Benguela and himself brought on the articles which had been left behind.

"We have seen the King Kwikwi, and have decided that the only way to do is to return to Benguela. Brothers Sanders and Miller go into a more permanent camp, rebuilding the fence, enlarging the huts, removing the tent, etc., etc. I left them busy, and with fifteen carriers and six tepoia men and secula, with a few hangers on, I started on 12th of April for the coast. [This letter is dated Benguela, May 6, 1881.] Twelve days is about the shortest time of a caravan between Bailunda and Catumbella.

"My road down was unmarked by any important incident until the last few days. My attention was given to several points, and much truer ideas of the country were obtained. I traveled in the rainy season, and we had some storms and wet nights. I closely watched the road to see if a lady could, with any degree of comfort, be brought over it. I think it possible, with good tepoia men and a very positive leader, who shall compel some degree of obedience from the porters as to distance marched, etc., to take in ladies. Without these precautions it would be a very rough experience for any woman.

"Another point of interest was the question of elevation, and this I followed with care. I will prepare a table showing the results. I recorded some thirty readings of the aneroids and boiled the thermometer every noon on reaching camp.

"I was impressed with the large number of living brooks and small streams that we crossed. I was compelled to admit that it is impossible to use anything like pack animals over this road; but *the* way for a man to go in and out is with a stout mule. There is abundance of feed and water, and a mule would stand the marches first-rate. A good ox, such as mine, is far preferable for me to a tepoia, but the narrow paths are cruel on the ox and worry him almost to death, besides making his feet and joints almost raw by striking against each other and the sides of the track. So bad are the paths that my ankles were so bruised by the soles of my boots striking them as I lifted one foot by the other in stepping, that they were discolored when I reached Catumbella, and very painful.

"Please state what you think of some one of us, when we are established in Bihé, making the journey to Loanda. I am told, on the authority of men who have traveled both roads, that from Bailunda to Loanda the road is good; some more hills to cross than on the way to Catumbella, but on the whole a much better road than that to Catumbella and Benguela. They say that donkeys can bring in loads by this road from Loanda. There are *many* reasons why Loanda would be *far* better for us as a trading point than Benguela. There are reliable English houses in Loanda; to wit, our consul, Mr. Newton, the English consul, Mr. Cohen; besides, the banking facilities are greater. We could ship goods on the Coanza steamers to any point upon the river that we wished, although the navigation of the upper Coanza is impossible.

"The road to Loanda is not direct from Bihé, but is through Bailunda, where a station would cover the ground, whichever road is decided on. The king of Bailunda, being king almost to the town of Loanda, makes this road safe, and affords protection. It is said that it is possible to go to the Coanza at the

highest point of navigation direct from Bihé; but there is no road, and it is amongst at least uncertain tribes.

"I do not think that the fevers of Loanda are any worse than those in Benguela, and have not any fear of the fever for the few days that any one needs to stay on the coast. I could scarcely crawl out of bed when I started from the coast for the interior. I came down from the interior, however, with ease, rugged and well. The last day we marched over forty miles, and I walked over thirty of this, and after dinner in Catumbella walked all over town with Mr. Bensande.

"The views upon the road are fine, and, going toward the coast, finer than when going inland.

"Does the question arise: How did I make myself understood? I see one day there is a note such as this, in my notebook: 'All well; read much Scripture again today; studied Ambunda; had an old visitor with a small bowl of ochimbombo (native corn-beer), who got nothing; later, an intelligent mulatto, who claimed the surrounding country and village. He knew something of Portuguese, but words often failed my Ambunda and his Portuguese. But signs were more effective than words; and when my chief visitor went away rejoicing in the possession of two bright yellow handkerchiefs and a cup of sweet tea, you would have agreed with him that the visit was no failure.' When Ambunda and Portuguese fail, then recourse is had to signs, and these usually come off victorious. The mode here is peculiar. The natives are much given to signs, as, for tomorrow, it is "hena" and a snap or two of the fingers in front; yesterday is the same word, with the snap or two backward over the shoulder. In salutations they clap their hands or strike their breasts. In passing before you into a hut, or in company, they stop and snap their fingers repeatedly. We march but slowly at this rate.

"We traveled all the road as far as Kassange without let or hindrance. In passing I called on Mr. Galvao, and was most courteously received, and had a nice chicken sent to my camp I went into camp at Mr. Guimarai's, where we stopped on the

way in. He had a comfortable little cabin cleaned up for my use, and invited me to dinner. I found the man to be exceedingly poor, and glad of the little present I gave him on leaving.

"I had a new experience of the thieves in Kassange. One of our men had a new handkerchief stolen from him, and after they caught the thief, we had a terrible scene, and only the exertions of secula Kalay and my own presence prevented bloodshed. Our men at last allowed the thief to go, they vowing vengeance, and he perfectly insane with passion. The night passed quietly, but the next day, after a good start, we soon got mixed up in a great caravan, also on its way to Catumbella. The road closed up fast and we entered the magnificent cañon, Bundiangoi; when I turned a bush in the path, we came upon a crowd of men, who had caught and were binding two men. I had given little credence to the tales of robbers in this section; but here, in open day, my heart grew still, and I stood powerless to help. Twenty guns were about these two men, who were soon bound. I not only saw them bound, but their goods divided and they themselves led away. Just then secula Kalay, the head of my men, came up, and he helped and indorsed these men in their deed. Though deeply grieved, I was compelled to follow down that cañon with ten or twelve men before me leading one of those poor bound captives. Kalay told me repeatedly that they would cut off his head, and this he said with the most demonstrative action — the hand drawn across the neck.

"What was to be done? I was alone, and all that I could say was 'Dati, dati' (no, no). 'Echi okasi chimi' (this is bad). It was a horrid time. While we were marching along that day with the captive, we met a few friends of his, who spoke to him, and he begged them to rescue him. Instantly three or four armed men sprang out of the path behind me, and one was in the very act of firing down the path on the whole line of my men. Seeing this, I turned quickly, facing them, and stood between them and my men, to prevent their shooting, commanding them not to shoot. This seemed to attract attention. They

led the captive on, his friends stood off one side and watched us pass. Suddenly they led off this captive to a camp, and many of my men, Kalay amongst them, went also. I called them back with strong emphasis; only a few came, and although I got an answer from Kalay, he did not come. My tepoia men begged me to go on. I could see nothing else to be done, and continued on my way, not knowing the trick that Kalay was about to play on me. Having gone some three miles, we were marched into camp at 11.10 A.M., three hours short of the place Kalay had repeatedly promised to reach that day — the Supwa Pass and Catumbella River. I spoke sharply and told the porters that this was not the camp; that we were to go to Supwa. Finding that Kalay was not coming, and that these porters were all privy to this arrangement, I spoke out and told them that they and Kalay were bad, and that I should bring this matter before Kwikwi. Almost before my voice had ceased to vibrate, a man had started back to report to Kalay; and right well he reported, for between ten and eleven, in came Kalay in a state of madness. He was wild that I should speak of reporting him to Kwikwi, and did an hour's pretty rough talk. I gave him time to blow, then repeated what I had said, and told him how he had promised me to reach Catumbella the next day; and he, full of wrath, declared that we would go to Catumbella the next day. I held my own and kept him in disgrace until we reached Catumbella the next day at 6.10, having been on the march over eleven hours, and the greater part of the way was traveled at a tremendous pace. We rested at the river about an hour. By aid of an interpreter I examined Kalay about these days' work, and found that he did fear my telling Kwikwi; however, he *said* (I don't believe it), they had not killed that man, ***only sold him.***

"The fact is that this road from Catumbella, for four days' march, is very unsafe, and in that cañon there is great danger, and proper precaution is necessary. The next morning, about two miles below camp, I stood in the blood of a man murdered

in the path the night before. No place could be better fitted for murder and robbery than that cañon, and certainly it is well supplied with records of crime and sin.

FRIENDLINESS OF THE KING OF BIHE.

"We have established the most promising relations with the kings of Bailunda and Bihé. And for this we must give the praise to our God. It is so wonderful, with all the dislike of the traders, that not only are these kings willing to have us settle in their country, but are eager and anxious for this. I have seen several times the king of Bihé's secretary, who speaks Portuguese.

"We have every reason to look upon the protection of the king of Bailunda as good while in his country, and the king of Bihé is equally ready to favor us and care for us. We have a strong hold on the king of Bihé on account of the king of Bailunda, who will readily receive us as permanent 'children' of his. Indeed, the king of Bihé is anxious about it, and fears we may decide to remain in Bailunda. My impression is that a station should be established there at a very early date, and I also incline to this step because, as far as Bailunda, the goods that we may need can be forwarded with safety by Bailunda carriers.

"The system of giving presents is universal, and as the king of Bailunda told me when I thanked him for the ox, the goats and the fuba (corn meal) he had sent us, 'Oh, don't thank me. You are under no obligation at all, for do not you give me a present?' And so we pay in proportion, and have to reckon in the present in the price; and they take things for presents that they refuse as in payment."

On reaching Catumbella Mr. Bagster found that an officer of the king of Bihé, who might be called the Secretary of State, was in town. Mr. Bagster says:

"This secretary came down from the king with threatening

letters to the people of Catumbella, complaining of the robbery constantly practiced on 'his children' when they went down to trade, and informing the Portuguese that this thing must be stopped. There were no *ifs* or *ands*, but 'just pay these claims now and reform, or —!' Almost every house in Catumbella paid off a claim, some of them being of considerable amount.

"*The secretary was also charged with the duty of offering to me all the help I might need, and to place himself at my command.* He did this in most elaborate and grotesque demonstrations. I gave him messages to the king of Bihé."

Mr. Bagster describes a scene in Catumbella when, as he was sitting in a room writing, the secretary of the king of Bihé entered and commenced conversation with some Portuguese gentlemen present, not noticing that Mr. Bagster was near:

"The secretary began a long and very correct account of three white men who had reached Bailunda; of how much they were liked; of the commission that the king of Bihé had sent him on, and how the king of Bailunda had taken a great liking to them; how they did not use any aguardente, and would not give away any.

"Here one of the men to whom he was speaking stopped him, saying, 'Is this one of them?' pointing to me. The secretary was astonished to find me there, but at once, in voluble language, began to pour out the king's message to me, and offer his services. Just a little faster than he could talk he went on to describe to the company how the king of Bihé wanted us to go on to his country; how he feared we might stay in Bailunda. Then he told how we were going to build a house in Bihé, and live there, not to trade; no! but to teach; that we were padres, but not like these Portuguese padres; that we had some book that we used. All this talk was accompanied by frowns and gesticulations and signs of wonder. They could not stop him, and he wound up with a vivid account of how I came down to Catumbella with a tepoia, but walked nearly all the way."

During Mr. Bagster's absence, Messrs. Sanders and Miller were well settled at Bailunda, about two miles from the king's compound, the king not being willing they should camp at a greater distance, and were busily engaged in the study of Ambunda, in which they were making good progress. The king appointed an officer to live in their camp, and no one was allowed to molest them. Many presents were sent from the king, baskets of corn meal, and occasionally a goat and some beans.

The following letter from Mr. Miller shows how matters look to this Hampton freedman:

"BAILUNDA, May 1, 1881.

"We have got as far toward Bihé as the Bailunda country. We had pretty hard times, indeed, in getting here. The roads, if they may be so called, are the worst I ever saw; so much so that in many places I could hardly walk. Our seven donkeys could not carry loads for a single day. Mr. Bagster's riding ox did well. Mr. Sanders and I are in camp here, waiting the return of Mr. Bagster from Benguela, who was bound to go for cloth to pay our way. After several days out, it was quite plain that more cloth was needed; so Mr. Bagster thought it best for us to stop here while he goes to Benguela. This country appears to be better than that we have passed, but far below what it is represented to be. The population is not what is expected, though quite intelligent. The aspect of the country is somewhat pleasing, covered with low trees of a dwarfed nature, and adorned with tall grass and thousands of white-ant mounds. The natives cultivate the soil but little, raising corn, potatoes, beans, and some other vegetables, to a very limited extent. The king appears to be quite friendly toward us, sending presents of corn, meal, beans, potatoes, goats, etc. When we got this height above the sea, we hoped to outsoar chills and fever; but not so. I had a slight attack here for the first time; so also did Mr. Sanders. So I am confident that we shall be subject to fevers here as at Benguela, or any other fever-

stricken locality. The thermometer stands higher at noon than ever at Benguela, though the heat is not felt so much. Mornings and nights are quite cool; sleeping under four or five blankets is comfortable; winter clothes can be worn without discomfort. Our house is a tent, with the addition of a hut in which we do our cooking. The two young men that were with us at Benguela were sent home to Loanda. We spend most of our time in getting the language. We are getting on well, and shall soon be able to make ourselves perfectly understood. I suppose I am writing what you already know, but I feel it my duty to write to you and give my views of what I have seen. Little rain has fallen since our arrival, and this is said to be the rainy season. We are encamped near the head of a small river; this I hope does not affect us. At present we are all well, and hope you are the same."

MUCANOS.

Serpa Pinto says that the word which strikes most terror in Bihé is *mucano*. This is a fine levied by any person who deems himself injured, and which, without waiting for a formal trial, he can himself proceed to collect from the offending party. It is a system which affords every opportunity for the most unjust demands. Letters received from Mr. Sanders while at Bailunda, May 9, speak of this matter:

"We have been somewhat troubled about the matter of mucanos. Mr. Bensande and others on the coast said we would be entangled by the natives and stripped of all we have. I have been pleased to hear from Mr. Coimbra, as well as from our guide, that against ourselves personally they cannot have mucanos; that 'we would be robbed through our slaves; that the master is compelled to pay for his people.' Further questions elicited the information that servants who are hired by the day, or week, and nightly return to their own houses, bring no responsibility to their employers. All take it for granted that our declarations as to purposes are merely made to conceal our

real intentions. Hence they doubt not but that we shall own slaves. Mr. Galvao gave the reason of our freedom from mucanos: 'Every white man is a soba here.'

"This Sr. Lucas Coimbra is a chief and counsellor of the king. He has a larger place in Bihé, it is said. Naturally the greater privileges and distinctions enjoyed here make this the favorite residence. Through him the king has invited us to go and see some of the ceremonies in honor of some ancestors. I mean to accept, trusting that the occasion will be less tedious than visits of state."

THE KING'S FESTIVAL.

"Going to the festival with Sr. Lucas, we were received in fine style at the outer gate by two men. Passing through another gate we came to that in which the king receives and in which he tries cases. He soon came from among the people and gave his welcome. Then two huge pots of ochimbombo were brought out for our refreshment. Each required two men to carry it. Those with us felt their task a burden before we left the festival. For no beer could be left or the king might say his gift was despised. The manner of drinking makes abstinence the preferable alternative. A large gourd is filled; sometimes two-gallon gourds are used. An attendant brings it, and squatting before some person, drinks. This proves it is not drugged. He then cleans the rim with the palm of the hand, and passes the dish. The recipient drinks, wipes, passes, etc. The palms of some of these persons are clean, others are filthy. Though they consider the gourd in better condition for use even after a soiled hand has been passed over it, a stranger does not care to drink with them.

"After resting we went down to view the ceremonies. Some women decked with red handkerchiefs and other finery were dancing, while some men kept time by clapping of hands, an unusual way of keeping time for the dance. These women were supposed to be possessed by certain ancestral spirits of the king, who had come from the other world. Their various

motions were the working of the spirits. About four hundred persons seemed to be present, though but few took part. After the women stopped the men danced, but we soon took our leave. On this day the king was not dressed in state. Mr. Miller went on the next and great day, but noticed no difference in the exercises. The king was robed in state.

"After the king had three times asked to see my rifle, I took it to show him. After doing business he led the way to a bare spot by a private entrance. At the door he significantly remarked that if it were desired to give a present without the knowledge of his people, it should come by night through this entrance. This from the supreme judge of the land we would think quite out of place.

"The caution of the king saved an exhibition of my unskillfulness. 'Shoot high lest some one be hurt,' was the drift of his words. He pulled the trigger once, and seemed delighted with the whole performance. Then he took myself and guide into his private premises. The first enclosure is about forty by eighty feet. In the middle is a little attempt at ornamental gardening, but in a very rudimentary state. In one corner stands a small hut, over whose doorway hangs a charm. Against the wall leans a doll of wood. It is two feet high, and rudely made. Its face is depicted on a flat surface with black paint. A cloth wound about the body dresses it in native style. A small tree, nearly dead, and in the centre of a stone heap, stands before the hut. It is loaded with skulls of goats, and all together are fairly clothed with cobwebs. This seems to be their religious corner.

"The other huts probably are storerooms, or belong to some of the hundred wives he is said to have. It may be that this matter of polygamy will prove as great an obstacle as in the Zulu mission. I saw the queen sitting by two children as we passed through this enclosure. The next is small and contains no huts. Here the king, remarking, 'Enemies go no farther,' opened a door and preceded us within. The first hut had on the outside attempts at frescoing and rude pictures of animals. This was

the only noticeable thing. Five or six ordinary huts were there also. The next enclosure was just a repetition of a cluster of huts. Each hut belongs to a wife or concubine. These enclosures are separated by wooden palisades. I should have said that from the place where the rifle was fired there is a splendid view of a part of the country. Many villages, or rather the clumps of full-grown trees, indicating villages, could be seen. They seem to choose hill-tops for their villages. The population from this point of observation appears much larger than from the other side of the hill.

"Mr. Miller and I have had light attacks of fever this month, but they are easily controlled. Just now both of us are well. We are beset by many beggars [visitors], but have entirely ceased giving to them.

"Beginning to understand the language I find it necessary to make Barros correct himself quite often. If I say, 'I do not wish to give handkerchiefs for fowls,' he says, 'There are no handkerchiefs, will you take riscado?' Soon some handkerchiefs must be used, then they will say, 'The white man is a liar.' When I make him give my words, he complains that I do not understand how to do business with the Kimbundas.

"The getting of the language is slow; but on looking back some progress is to be discovered. The Zulu and the Otyiherero [books in which have been taken out by the missionaries] help us in many places."

Mr. Bagster having completed his business, left the coast again, June 30, for the interior. "My start, in much weakness," he writes, "was very greatly helped by Mr. J. Bensande of Catumbella. His care of me and the kindness and courtesy have been so great that all our seculos call him my brother, though he is of strict Jewish parentage. He received me into his house, sent me messengers to tell me my men had come, kept me for over two days' stop; I was very sick and he gave me his own bed, accompanied me on the way to see me off, sent on before to our camp a joint of beef, two chickens roasted, eggs

boiled, etc. Thus the Lord cares for us, and thus the hearts of men are at his call. Mr. Bensande leaves for England in a month."

Mr. Bagster had intelligence from Mr. Sanders that a mucano was threatening in consequence of the misbehavior of some of the porters; also that there had been a robbery of two bales of goods, for which the king proposed to make the thieves pay in wax, or ivory, or rubber. "I shall not agree," writes Mr. Bagster, "to receive anything in trade, for two reasons: first, we are hated by the traders and watched eagerly for any chance to destroy us. We are surrounded by traders, who would hold a feast at the news of our destruction (I put it none too strong); and I have been told by Silva Porta (who suspects us of trading) that *he* or *we* leave Bihé, if he can only catch us at that game. *You* may judge *who* would leave. Second, I have given my word not to do any trading, and said that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions do not allow their missionaries to trade."

COLD WEATHER IN BAILUNDA — INTRIGUES OF TRADERS AGAINST THE MISSIONARIES.

Mr. Bagster writes from Bailunda, July 25, 1881:

"Your letters, dated May 13th, and 17th, came to me duly on the 20th inst. Fingers cold this morning, Thermometer 52°. Some nights it goes to the region of 40°; then my tender fingers and toes feel it, but the days are getting hot; noons the thermometer is 85° to 90° in the shade.

"Last month I wrote you as to the Loanda route. I lean to it more and more. We leave Bailunda for Bihé, after all our delays, tomorrow morning, It is six days' march; already the most of our loads are a day's journey on the road. We also should have been on the march, but the king of Bailunda's ambassador to the king of Bihé, sent on our behalf, was not ready; he has only 'to drink beer today' and will go tomorrow.

"When we first reached Benguela, letters were written to the king of Bailunda purporting to be from the governor of Benguela, telling the king to murder us and take our goods — for we were going to build a fort, and blow up all the people; and that we were big fetish. Another letter was written to Bihé, and even more dreadful things invented about us. Now comes the question: 'How does this affect the natives?' The cupidity of the natives is worked upon strongly. Their intense superstition can hardly bear the strain put upon it by the half believed tales of the traders, and also by seeing us so different from the 'white men' before known to them. The more direct result of these letters has been, that the king of Bihé has sent to the king of Bailunda ambassadors to consult as to our murder. The other day the king of Bailunda's councilors met to discuss this question, and were coming to an unfavorable conclusion toward us, when the old king came into council, and, hearing them, told them in a rage that if they hurt us he should abdicate and return to his old home near Loanda. They were not prepared for this, and gave way. Now the king sends to Bihé, where they are very uncertain about us, and tells them that 'if they take off our heads, they will have to do the same to him. They must treat us well.' Do not understand too much from this, for it is only one man, humanly speaking, who is on our side; and the other evening, when I showed the magic lantern, he was almost overcome. He had exceedingly hard work to carry it, even after having it carefully explained to him.

"Of this land there is much to say, but only one truth is to be presented; this Bailunda fills the picture. Bihé has not one tenth the power of Bailunda, and the people in Bihé will come to Bailunda to ask justice or interference in their behalf. To-day the king of Bailunda is our friend. He says, we have 'white hearts,' because we give no fire-water, no powder, and no guns. But with all the great difficulty seems to be to get them to understand what we have come here for, when we will neither buy wax, rubber, ivory, fuba, nor slaves. 'What are they here for?' is the question asked again and again. We

answer to the best of our ability, but there is nothing to lay hold upon.

"In the language, Brother Sanders is far ahead; his help has been the main stay, and to him belongs the honor of what has been done. Brother Miller has many words in memory. Brother Sanders has now twelve hundred or more words written, fairly correct for a first list, and better still, has begun very successfully the reduction of the language to principles and into tables, with their changes.

"I realize that for some time our buildings in Bihé must be of the most imperfect character, because of the great want of suitable timber for use, and also because of the jealousy which would be felt if we should build with brick or stone. There are times when a few days or weeks are full of importance and meaning. We believe it is so now. And if we are on earth when this letter reaches you, we may say the crisis is past, and we may probably be allowed to remain in peace in Bihé. We hear no sighs, no discouraging words in our camp; we jus keep on rejoicing and going forward.

"*July 26th.* We wait today, being delayed by the king. We leave tomorrow. There is much of uncertainty, though the outlook is better. We had an audience with the king last evening and find that there is a deep current of lóve for our cloth, in all his devices to get us to stay. Do not fear for us in the least. We have carefully weighed the question, and we go on, not only hoping, but fully believing, that no real danger will come to us, as evidently our Father is our leader. We hope to find that we can station ourselves with "Kapolro," who is the nephew of the king of Bihé, and equally powerful on the north branch of the river Quito, and in the thickest part of the population, and in the very spot for learning the language and for advance, it being next to the Ganguelas, and the language in use being both the Ambunda or Bihé, and the Ganguela. Nearly half the words in use are common, and we have at once the power to step over into the Ganguela country prepared to work. Also we are the very farthest distance possible from the king.

"*July 29th.* Today we are at the camp, near the village of the seculo (petty chief), who has been to Catumbella three times for us. He is the best, by far, that we have found. We go on to Bihé tomorrow. I now wish we had no ambassador with us, but we could not help it; taking him was the only way to get off from the king's place at Bailunda. Our rising hour on the march is 4.30 A.M. There is no man slain in our army. We are strong and go forward. We still look to the lands north of the Quito and to the part belonging to Kapolro, who is nephew of the king of Bihé, but quite independent of him.

BACK AGAIN TO BAILUNDA.

Instead of planting themselves at Bihé, north of the Quito, our brethren were compelled by the intrigues against them to return to the station in Bailunda and wait further developments. There is enough for them to do there, as Mr. Bagster has written. In any event Bailunda must remain a commanding position. Mr. Sanders writes, August 23d, 1881:

"You doubtless were surprised to see Bailunda at the head of the page. After all, this is our first station. The last letters were sent while on our way to Bihé. Your letter that came last month suggested that we might already have chosen Bailunda. Though we had thought of the matter before, we considered it again, but decided to go on. We went on with delays and vexations, which arose chiefly from the presence of the king's ambassador. He made us pay more than we ought, and in all cases acted contrary to us. When we arrived at Bihéli, a place that is claimed by Bailunda and also by Bihé, he called on the petty ruler with our little gift. On returning, he said an ambassador had passed down but three days before with a message from King Chileneo of Bihé to this effect: 'Don't bring those whites here; if you do, you will leave them here to be murdered and plundered.' Hence the ambassador refused to let us go on. We did not believe the report. He had so acted that we had no confidence in him. We said, 'Go on; we will take the risk.'

He refused, and could not be induced to let us go. We desired to pay off the carriers, and send on to Bihé for more. This he would not allow. It seems ridiculous that we could not pay off our own hired men; it also seems ridiculous that my six tepoia men refused to do as I told them, but it is a fact. We had marched but two hours one day and the carriers rushed into a camp. We desired to go on, and bade my men take the tepoia and come on. They flatly refused. What could be done. We might have drawn revolvers and routed the whole two hundred, but our missionary career would have ended there. Our loads make us dependent upon carriers, and they will do as they please. Kalay always acts best, but is afraid to go with us longer; so great is the jealousy against him that he fears for his life. The carriers generally are headstrong. We cannot decide our dealings with them as we should between master and servant in America. For instance, while at Bihéli, Mr. Bagster and I (expecting to be able to plant ourselves where we pleased in Bailunda) thought it better to turn back and take a place near the twenty or more villages which we had passed. Mr. Miller said, 'Why not go and tell them that they must take us on or be paid off?' That was it exactly. In America it might have been possible to do this; here we were not allowed to go on or to pay off the carriers. If we had tried the latter, not one would have touched the cloth, and it would have been a case of no payment; the fact that it had been offered would have made no difference. The ambassador said we must stop in Bihéli four days, till the king of Bailunda could be consulted. Nothing could shake him. Our stock of cloth made us anxious about the matter, and we decided, contrary to Mr. Miller's wish, to go back and select a place near the village and establish a station. To this we obtained the consent of the ambassador. Mr. Bagster and I started immediately to choose the place. Mr. Miller was to follow with the goods next day. In two days we came to Kalay's village. We prospected here without satisfactory results. The next day our men refused to go on. We went alone, and getting on a high ridge viewed the country. One

place gave promise of a good location ; going there, we found it the best yet seen. Here we decided to locate. On our return we met a carrier about two miles from the place, who said our loads were but a short way off, and we soon came to the camp. Mr. Miller reported that when they came to the place where we had passed the night, the carriers were furious that we had gone on, and taking up their loads again, pushed on after us. The exact cause of their feeling I do not know. They were probably afraid that evil consequences would be brought upon them by the king.

"Having reached camp, we found it too late to get the men to take our things where we desired. Next morning we paid them off. The ambassador was not satisfied that we should stop there, nor were the people ; they all feared the king. He has declared that we are his whites, and if the people had let us stay in their vicinity the king would have come and destroyed them. Hence the only plan that satisfied all was that one of us should go to the king and see about it. So I went, not taking our little interpreter, as these fellows always put the case according to their own views, instead of as we say. I arrived near our old camp at five P.M. Next morning I visited the king. Others understood what I had to say. The king found it convenient to appear angry because I came without José. However, it was evident that the anger was in appearance only, so that he might carry out his purpose. He said he would not let us go on to Bihé at present ; that we should stop here near him, or he would take us and all our things (except a tent and a few other articles that he would keep) back to the coast. He found it convenient to refer to Braga's letter, and asked if we desired to be away from him that we might build a fort and possess the country? He also pitched at my tepoia men in such a way that they laid themselves in the dust (the token of utter submission). Then he ordered one of them to go and bring all the rest of our goods. I sent a note to Mr. Bagster recounting the result.

"There was nothing to do but to come back. To stay where we were we should have to fight both the king and the people of

that place. For had the people brought us supplies it would be rebellion; and had they not been active in expelling us the king would have laid their lands waste. Mr. Bagster said that while I was away they showed great unwillingness for us to remain among them.

"Soon after I had returned from the king, a Portuguese half-breed from Bihé, of whom I had heard, came by the camp and, seeing me, came in. He said that there was nothing the matter in Bihé; that Silva Porto had left a house for our occupancy, and that the king was expecting us. The last clause struck me as indefinite, so I asked further, and he said that so far as he knew, the king of Bihé was well disposed toward us. He volunteered to act as interpreter, so I went to the king of Bailunda again. First, I asked that the Portuguese would state to the king what he had stated to me. 'Let us speak about your other matters,' said he, 'not about that.' The upshot was that I got no more light than I had in the morning.

"One thing struck me as I talked with Mr. Gallæs on our way to the king. He said that we must not expect to be allowed to build far from the king; that if we had gone on the king of Bihé would not have allowed us a residence more than three or four miles from his village, just as is the case of all the other whites. As none of my tepoia men dared help me to get back where Messrs. Bagster and Miller were, I had to stop here or abandon my tepoia and two loads, which I did not think wise to do.

"If the men had dared to take me, I would have gone to Messrs. Bagster and Miller and have urged that we stop where we were until the last moment, when, by giving in, we could mend matters. By this, we might have carried our point of building where we desired. Not one man, however, dared lift a finger to help. So I had to stay, and Mr. Bagster, as soon as he read how matters stood here, decided that there was no alternative but to come back. So here we are, a few rods from our old camp.

"We conclude that it is God's will that for the present we

stop here. We expect and hope that these are but temporary quarters, say for two or three years, and for only a part of our number. Of course, some of us expect to push on to Bihé, as soon as the others come in. We are now building houses, and have been at that and other work for about two weeks. It goes forward slowly.

"The donkeys work very well, though they have been used only two or three days thus far. We do not like our location. Water is not as convenient as we desire. The trees do not afford such timber as we would like. It has been with great difficulty that posts and plates of from nine to fourteen feet length have been found. Mr. Bagster, who does the calculating and matching, finds it difficult to obtain satisfactory results on account of the crookedness of the stuff. Nature seems to provide stuff fit for making native huts, and not much more. Yesterday we heard of a place about six miles distant, which the king thinks we shall find a better location. We shall examine it, but shall finish this place in order to have a shelter from the soon expected rains. The king sent for one of us, on the 23d, and showed a letter from Barros. The latter had told the governor of Benguela about the letters sent from Catumbella to Bihé. The governor said this king must 'get and transmit these letters to him or be held responsible for the consequences.' The king was told by us that he might do as he pleased. For our part, we shall pay no attention to these or any other letters that may be written. We will have nothing to do with the matter.

"As to ladies coming, Mr. Miller says he would not recommend an acquaintance to come. Mr. Bagster thinks that just now, if he could advise he would say, 'Wait a little, we are unsettled.' But at the same time he feels that they can get on very well here. For my part, I feel, that any lady devoted to work for Christ, would not think she were enduring too great hardships here. I think Mrs. Walter will say that the hardships (or better, inconveniences) are far less than she expected. At first arrival it looked a little dubious, but with better acquaint-

ance I have no fear about their coming. There are annoyances and perplexities, but none so great as I expected. We believe that the Lord has many people here, and if we walk according to his will, we may be used to bring some to a knowledge of him."

Letters received from Messrs. Sanders and Miller at Bailunda, of as late a date as October 3, give encouraging reports. The king of Bihé had sent another message inviting the missionaries to his country. Mr. Sanders replied that after Mr. Bagster returned from the coast this invitation should be considered. Of the two houses which they were building near the king's village, and which they hope to have finished by the time the reinforcements arrived, Mr. Miller writes:

"The dimensions of the houses are thirty-one by fourteen feet, seven feet to the plates. They are only one story high, each having a shed seven feet by twelve. One has a véranda which, I think, will be very convenient. At present we have dirt floors and mud walls, supported by upright poles inserted in the walls. The mud cracks very much, but some lime of inferior quality is found near the river that may be used in some way to advantage. Each house has two doors and three windows, and these we propose to make of heavy, clumsy timber, chopped into plank by the natives, and brought from a long distance. The plates are made of trees that we managed to straighten a little after a good deal of lining, chipping, and chopping. The rafters are poles averaging four or five inches in diameter at the larger end. Smaller poles answer the place of sheathing, bound on with bark strings, and the roof is covered with grass, about two feet thick. The natives did the most of the thatching, and say it will not leak. It is a very cool resort, and we hope to cover the other roof soon. Enough grass is already bought, and on the ground.

"Agriculture appears to be advancing slowly. We have not planted anything yet, but have bought a good supply of corn

and beans, meal, etc. I think we have about seventy-five or eighty bushels of corn. This I think will carry us through the expected time of scarcity, though I believe we could now buy double the above quantity. It came for days after we told them we had enough, and still some will come and try to sell.

"We are getting along very well with the language, and hope in due time to be able to teach and preach to this people. My present impression concerning them is quite hopeful, and I believe they can be elevated far above their present condition by means of mission work. They are very willing to work whenever anything is to be gained, and they apply themselves to their appointed tasks with hearty zeal and faithfulness which one would scarcely look for among a people who have had so few advantages. My experience thus far with this people does not confirm the reports as to their being 'thieves and liars.' On the contrary I have found them to be more truthful and honest than I supposed. I am looking forward with joy to that happy day when I can teach them to read about the Saviour and the better land. How can any Christian look upon the privations of the people, physical and spiritual, without being deeply impressed with a desire to help them?"

THE KING — THE SECULOS.

Of the king's relation to the mission Mr. Sanders writes:

"Yesterday the king who had been hunting called on us on his way home. Of course, he was unwelcome, but fortunately he did not enter our enclosure. He called upon Mr. Miller to show his rifle, of which he had heard; fired it; wanted one like it. When we said that neither powder, guns, nor fire-water are given by us, he wished to write to our king to send him one. On learning that 'our king' is unacquainted with us, and would not notice such a letter, he wished us as his agents to buy one. On being refused he grew quite vexed, but was happy when given a piece of cloth.

"The king occasionally calls on us for this or that. Long ago he 'borrowed' the cornet, which has been of no use to us. It was to be returned the day following. Instead came a summons to Brother Miller to come and blow it. Word was returned that we had other business on hand, and it has not appeared since. One day José and I called when returning from buying a pig. Kwikwi wanted a key for one of his boxes. So it was sent down, but no key we could spare could be fitted.

"Barros and José have constantly persisted in giving out that we are only making a trip through these countries. This has been done, either because they really have not grasped what I have tried to say, or because they believe that lies are better than the truth. Last night some remarks of José led to this subject again, and I tried to make him understand by declaring the substance of our teachings and aims, etc. It was with surprise that I heard him ask if the blacks stand before God in the same position with the whites; if they have the same promises and privileges. He appeared to be a very earnest listener as it was explained that God looks at the heart rather than the color of the skin; that the latter is but man's way. It was gratifying to hear him reading his Testament a little later, and to find him with it at an unusual hour this morning."

THE FIRST REINFORCEMENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Walter, who sailed from Lisbon, July 5th, landed in Benguela, September 5th, and there were met by Mr. Bagster.

"At five o'clock, P.M.," writes Mr. Walter, "I went on shore, leaving my wife on board, assuring her I would return very soon. My intention was to look for rooms, or a house to live in, while in Benguela. After leaving the custom-house I started to go to the house of Mr. Bastos, who had a letter from Brother Bagster. On the way to the house, we met the postman, with a lot of letters in his hand, standing in the middle of the street giving letters to two different gentlemen, the one a Portuguese,

the other a tall and healthy looking man, with a large wide-awake hat on, a full beard, big brown shoes with very broad soles; in short, his whole appearance indicated that he had just returned from a long march. He was eagerly looking over the letters which were passed from hand to hand. Presently we came up to the postman, and the gentleman with me, who is a friend of Mr. Bastos, introduced me to one of the men. 'Senhor Bagster,' said he. We looked at each other, and you may guess what followed. The fact was, Brother Bagster had just returned from Bailunda with twenty-one men to meet us. After these were brought under shelter and provided for the night, Brother Bagster returned with me to the steamer, where we arrived at about eleven o'clock. Thursday morning we all left the steamer to go on shore. While we had our goods passed through the custom-house, Brother Bagster went up town to find a house, in which he was successful. In a few days a number of men will arrive here from Bailunda to take our goods in; but as most of them need repacking in smaller loads, we shall be quite busy for a few days. At present it seems as though we shall remain here till the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Nichols. My wife, almost without exception, has been exceedingly well during all the many miles we have traveled since we left Boston. Even here she seems to be in the best of health. We are both much pleased with the climate. The thermometer is at 75° all day in the house. We are careful not to be in the sun any more than can be helped. And while we are here our work will be mostly in-doors. One month spent in Benguela under these circumstances will be well for us all, we hope."

Mr. Bagster writes from Benguela, September 12th:

"We are glad, and sing and rejoice. If Mrs. Walter never reaches our station, if no lady ever comes here, this is proven today: when they come here they come to their own work — to the right place. It is established as a fact that the woman who comes in the name of Christ comes with peculiar and very

blessed power and influence. Do I write strongly? I think not. I am sure not. I know the journey will be long, tedious, and difficult. I know that it will be trying and not without much weariness; but I say with all my heart, praise God that our first lady missionary has reached us. Fearlessly give the word of encouragement to those coming. They can come, and welcome is assured to them. In my last letter I left you as we journeyed up to Bihé. We started after many vexatious delays and many great annoyances. We found out whole sides of the character of the King Quiqui (or Kwikwi), of his counselors and of his people.

"We learned also many things about the country, its outlines, geography, and inhabitants. We passed through many fields of corn, manioc, and some sweet potatoes; through a district very well populated, well watered, and somewhat better timbered than nearer the headquarters of the king. We had the pleasure of seeing new places and hearing new sounds of insect life. We became, not only better acquainted with the people, but also learned their character in new phases, and in those that we should perhaps have been long in finding out otherwise. We have overlooked from some hill-tops a very large part of the eastern side of King Kwikwi's territory.

"We reached in Bihéli a tributary tribe of Bailunda, who were only ten miles from the border of Bihé. There the ambassador said, 'I have heard that the king of Bihé will kill you. I must send back and ask King Kwikwi what is to be done.' We said, 'Go on; the king of Bihé will not hurt us; go on.' But no, it was useless; we could only turn back. And having extorted a promise to do as we wished, nothing was left us but to accept carriers and return to the same place we left; or, as all our huts, fence, etc., were carried away in our absence, we located some two hundred yards back in the scrubby woods.

"We have built a brush fence round a plot, have made a corral for the donkeys, have built a stage for our goods and secured them upon it, have put up the frame for a rough temporary house, thirty-

one by fourteen feet, have got hay enough to do a large part of the thatching, have been able to get eighty bushels of corn (maize), ten of beans, a few chickens, and two small hogs. Then came the mail of August; and two hours after the receipt thereof, I was sending our man José to hire carriers to come to this place (Benguela) where I now write, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Walter. I reached here on the 5th; met Mr. Walter four hundred yards from the landing, as he was going up to town while I was going to find him on the steamer. We spent the night on board and landed the next day.

"I turn to note our present outlook. I have to say, briefly, 'Good.' The Lord has shown us that Bailunda is to be the first station. The king has consented to our looking at a location six miles further from him, and if not a good one, far better than our present site. Brother Sanders was to see it and to report. All are well. We are daily growing better friends with the people, and becoming understood. We have nèarly conquered our very worst enemy, or danger; *i.e.* their superstition. They begin to see that it is not any fetish in us, but rather only 'walougrita.' This term signifies a very smart, shrewd man. We are now in possession of some thirteen hundred and more words of their language, and have a fine beginning for a grammar. We find a highly inflected language, and begin to know how it is the inflections are made. We begin to pronounce a few words in some degree like their own pronunciation of them. We have adopted a mode of transcribing the language so perfect that when Brother Sanders sent me down the names of one hundred and fifty-eight carriers, every one readily answered to his name. This means a great deal when such names are to be inscribed as Yamungúli, Kawendimba, Mweinkiséro, Mweinwooimba, Epatanga, Ukwayengu, Indiamvúlu, Sakanjalómba. We rejoice even in so very small degree to be understood.

"We are now, unconsciously almost, in possession of a good deal of the knowledge of the ways of this people which will enable us largely to avoid confusion and excite both interest and

sympathy. As to Benguela, Mr. and Mrs. Walter and myself intend to remain here until the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Nichols, because of the impossibility of getting loads ready to go with the men who are here, and those who are to be here in two days. I have sent for one hundred and fifty carriers to take all in when the steamer of October arrives."

The steamer arrived October 6th, bringing Dr. and Mrs. Nichols, who had had a pleasant voyage.

"After the delay incident to all such operations," writes Dr. Nichols from Benguela, October 15, 1881, "we were permitted to take boat for the shore. Passing rapidly between the fleets of Oriental-looking lighters with their brown latteen sails, we pulled to a handsome iron pier, where, among a score of others, we distinguished two honest-looking gentlemen, in top boots of russet leather and tweed raiment. One, tall, pale, and heavily bearded, stood in the background, regarding us scrutinizingly from under his flapping wide-awake and streaming puggree. The other, round, smiling, and hearty, stepped briskly forward to meet us.

"'Dr. Nichols?'

"'The same; and you, I suppose, are Mr. Walter?' And we shook hands as old friends.

"We are most impatient to start for the interior. Nearly all our arrangements are now complete, and there is every reason to hope that the carriers will be ready so that the caravan may start the first of the week.

"Last Sunday we celebrated the holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. There were only five of us, but all actuated by the same spirit, and all conscious of the Divine Presence. It was an invaluable assistance, a source of much comfort and refreshing, thus to find the table of our Lord spread in pagan Africa. May the occasion never be forgotten; indeed, I am sure it will not be.

"All the influences at work upon this land and people have been bad. Even today the accursed system of slavery is in full force, along this coast; and with the licentiousness that always follows slavery, all Angola is leprous. Under these circumstances, one must have a fertile fancy, and exercise it without restraint, who would form even a faint idea of the difficulties which are to be overcome.

"We received yesterday, or the day before, an embassy from the Sova of Bailunda in the person of a villainous-looking little man with thin, sharply-cut lips, and a face deeply furrowed by age. This was the tailor to his majesty, a most influential and noted personage; with him were two of his own race and two Bihénos. These latter were attired in the ordinary costume of their people, but the royal legate was marvelous to behold decked in a flannel shirt of many hues, and armed with a saber of prodigious size. He expressed himself much pleased to learn that we were to bring two white ladies into his sovereign's realms, and most profound were his bows of salutation.

"One word I will say here for the guidance of such as follow us. It would be well for all, ladies included, to provide themselves with high boots. The so-called 'jigger' is no contemptible foe, as I have already found to my cost. After a day or two with the fleas, one becomes accustomed to the sensations of biting and pricking, and so the other parasite, the jigger, makes his entrance unnoticed, and unless one has a remarkably sensitive organization, he will develop unknown to his 'host.' When mature, the abdominal rings contract an intimate adhesion to the cells of the *cutis vera*, and an army of hungry larvæ are poured forth into the tissues. There is now no help for it; spreading in all directions, they invade not only the skin, but muscles, tendons, and ligaments. It is rare to find one of the natives with all his toes — I have not yet seen one — and at least twenty-five per cent. of the blacks are actually crippled by these industrious little scamps.

"There is no sure preventive against these consequences

but cleanliness and untiring vigilance; nothing in the world will keep them entirely at a distance; but a pair of high boots renders one much less liable to their attacks, and when they do assail one, a careful and *complete* extirpation finishes that chapter.

"I speak of jiggers from personal knowledge, bought dearly enough. Every evening I make a most careful scrutiny, and the result last night was an abundant supply of material for the microscope.

"The entire party are enjoying good health, and so far no one has felt the least touch of the fever."

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE MISSION.

Mr. Bagster writes, from Benguela (October 15), of plans for the future:

"In respect to the road to Dondo we are now in a position to say that it is open and traveled; that many Bailunda men go over the road for the purpose of carrying coffee to Dondo; also I am able to say that we have chatted over the matter, and we intend to make the journey to Dondo at once, with a view to establish a station there if possible. We shall have also this object in view; *i. e.*, the establishing a station in a large country between the kingdoms of Bailunda and Dondo. We have heard from our consul, Mr. Newton, in Loanda, and are offered by him every accommodation and every needed help.

"You speak of making excursions and journeys in the whole country. This cannot now be done. How soon we may be allowed to do it I do not know. We are yet suspected, and are in the hands of a tyrant, and have to stay or go just as he commands. If I wanted to go to see some place ten miles away, and wanted six men to go with me, not one would dare to lift a load to go with me, unless I were allowed to go by the king. Should they go unpermitted, their heads would pay for it. Brother Sanders wished to go six miles to see the very place

the king has offered to us, but I am not speaking more than truth to say that he was not allowed to go. The king told him not to go until I came up. On account of the caprice of the king, and the very great jealousy of the people, one against another, new places are extremely difficult to reach. Today I do not know that I shall be allowed to go out to Dondo. I hope to do so, but cannot tell.

"I regard it as proven now that Bailunda must be the large station; thence we can move on the country north of Bailunda; then to the northwest part of Bihé, north of the Quito River, Kapobro's country, with its language half Ganguela and half Ambunda; then on into Ganguela, and far beyond. We thus shall follow the grand high lands on perhaps their greatest length inland, and shall be on the line of thickest population toward the middle of Africa. The Ganguela language will take us almost across the continent as we follow the trade of this people. But at present we look to plant a mission in Bailunda, and prospect the Dondo road and the Bihé country."

November 12, 1881, Mr. Bagster writes:

"We have started. All are at last upon the road to Catumbella. Our Lord Jesus is wonderfully good to us. We are all more than glad. . . . I have on my mind a subject on which I want to write at some time. It is, 'The Missionary's JOYS.' Perhaps the only missionary I ever heard or read of who gives any idea of the joy of missionary enterprise is Dr. Livingstone; and I shall attempt to explain how the real love that impels the missionary to leave country and home for foreign work; how that little seed becomes a great tree, and all the longings of his heart gather daily new strength and joy by the love that goes out more and more abundantly towards these people. . . . We stop in the town of Catumbella tomorrow, Lord's Day, and Monday we go out into the hills. Now, dear brother, and all whom this word may

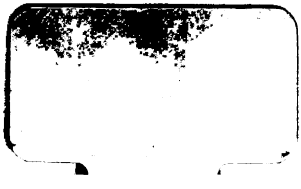
reach, just praise God with us and magnify his holy name, for his love is wonderful. He knows we are little ones and he treats us as such, so gracious is he. Praise the Lord. Amen."

A pencilled note, dated November 30, announces that they reached Bailunda in eighteen days.

"Last night we all arrived safely in our camp at Bailunda. We praise the Lord of journeying mercies. I write fully next month; today suffering much pain from a badly inflamed foot and some little weariness. Yours, thankfully and trustfully and hopefully in Christ Jesus.

P. S. After an informal talk with the mission members, it is still thought that it will be well, as soon as practicable, to send on one or two to prospect and view Bihé. W. W. B."

"Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit," are conquests to be won in this realm of the prince of darkness. Our pioneers are affectionately commended to the prayers of all who love our Lord. May their lives and health be precious in His sight. May wisdom be given them to meet difficulties, and patience and gentleness to disarm opposition, and grace to set forth the gospel of the love of God so that many shall believe unto life eternal.



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